WATSON'S
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THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. 1. SEPTEMBER, 1907. NO. 9

CONTENTS.

GOV. HOKE SMITH, OF GEORGIA—Frontispiece

EDITORIALS - - - - - - - - - *Thomas E. Watson* 819
Illustrated by W. Gordon Nye.
"Orthodox Socialism"—The Farmers Union and the Ocala Platform—Under the Trucks —In the Circulation Department.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD - - - - 840

ANN BOYD—A Serial Story - - - - - *Will N. Harben* 849

THEOCRITUS—A Poem - - - - - *Mary Chopin Smith* 859

WITH EYES THAT SEE - - - - - *Edith Tatum* 860

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON *Thos. E. Watson* 870

YOUTH - - - - - - - - - *William J. Hanna* 879

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS - - - - *J Luther Kimbler* 881

SAM HOUSTON - - - - - - - - *W. H. Garrett* 886

THE ROSE - - - - - - - - - *Amelia Wofford* 895

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT - - - - 902

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE - - - - 906

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS - - - - - 915

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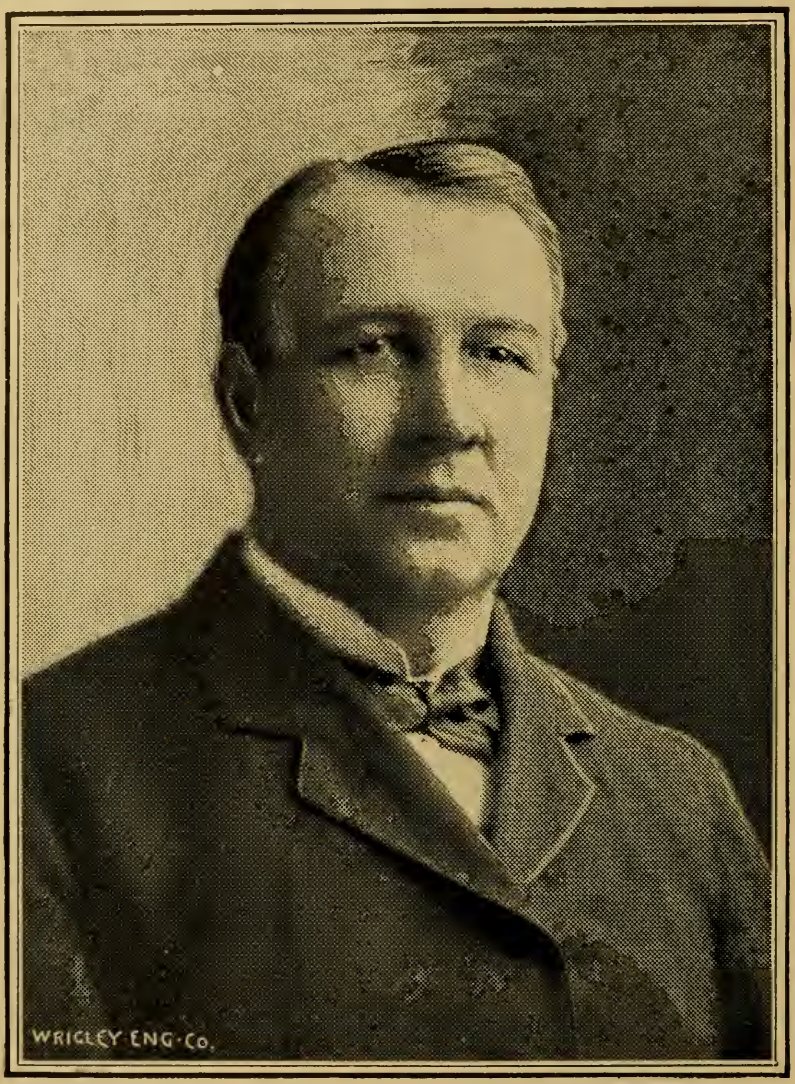


GOVERNOR HOKE SMITH OF GEORGIA.

WATSON'S EDITORIALS.

"ORTHODOX SOCIALISM."

Under this title, Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, of New York, publish a book by James Edward LeRossignol.

In this little volume the author very cleverly knocks to pieces the foundations upon which the Socialists have built. Clearly and strongly written, it leaves Socialism nothing to stand on excepting *Discontent.*

Not that discontent is of itself a rickety foundation, for all creeds in their last analysis, rest there; but discontent which proposes a remedy that is worse than the disease must be reasoned into something saner than Socialism.

So far as I can recall, none of the Socialist apostles was a man who had studied conditions outside the cities. Most of the founders of the sect were dwellers within crowded centers of population. Environment counts for much, and so far as I know there has never been any real effort on the part of Socialist authors to explain how their doctrine can be made practically effective in agricultural pursuits.

This accounts for the fact that Socialism gathers its converts from the cities, chiefly; and that in rural communities it is almost without a following.

In some few localities of the country,—as distinguished from the town,—Socialism has made some headway, but in every such case it can be shown that the disciple has been deceived by the apostle. Socialism can never amount to a row of pins in rural communities, after its true nature and secret purpose have been found out.

* * * * * * * * * * *

In his heart of hearts, the average man is an Individualist. That is to say, he wants to choose for himself *what* he will do, and *how much* of it he will do, and *when* he will do it. He wants to choose his own occupation, his own place of abode, his own time for work, his own time for rest. In other words, every man naturally wants to attend to his own business, and he naturally wants his neighbor to do the same thing. No man can have a reputation that makes him so universally disliked as that of "meddling with other people's business."

True, we give up a portion of our individual liberty when we enter organized society; but we do this because we gain more than we lose by it. We gain the protection of all the members of the community,—protection to life, limb, property and good name. We surrender no indispensable right by joining organized society, and we acquire indispensable protection,—to say nothing of the innumerable advantages of well-regulated social life.

Next to the in-born craving for individual liberty—liberty of conscience, of speech, of action—comes the craving for the individual home. The history of the human race shows this. The law of nature on this subject is so very broadly written that the very birds of the air, from the eagle down to the wren, fight desperately for their individual nests. Even among the wild men of the woods, and the tent dwellers of the plains, and the wandering tribes of the desert, the law is the same.

The hunting-ground belonged to the entire Indian tribe, but the hut and the corn patch belonged to the individual. The boundless plain is open to every Arab that roams the sand wastes of the East; but the moment he pitches his tent upon unappropriated soil, the tent and the ground make his individual home.

The literature of the world proves the same truth. From the dawn of time, the intense yearning for the individual home, the fierce determination to defend the home, the tender love borne the home, the heart-breaking grief over the loss of the home, finds constant and beautiful expression in poetry and prose, in sacred books and profane. What evidence of this great fact could be more convincing than those laws found in every code, whether written and unwritten, which say to the man of the house, "You may *kill* to protect your door from one who seeks with violence to pass it, and such killing shall *not* be murder."

To the same purport rings out that noble adage of the law that "every man's house is his castle." Do we not recall the inspired burst of oratory in which the elder William Pitt referred to this?

"The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake, the wind may blow through it, the storm may enter, but the King of England cannot enter!—all his force dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!"

Could the vassal ever have wrung such a concession from his lord and his king, if there had not been some God-planted, unconquerable longing for the individual home?

Turn from the law book to the song book, and see how the evidence corresponds. *"Home, Sweet Home"* has absolutely no merit as poetry and not much as music, but it will start a quiver of emotion in the hearts of English-speaking people from one end of the world to the other. It has probably softened more hardened wanderers, drawn more tears from eyes not given to the melting mood, than any set of verses ever written. Why? Because they touch the chord that God Almighty strung in the souls of his children. From pole to pole, from savage squalor to Babylonian splendor, from Arab tent to Windsor Castle, from negro cabin to Fifth Avenue palace,—touch the chord and it has always rung as true as it did in the birth-days of the universe when our parents looked back through tear-dimmed eyes at the closed gates of Eden.

From then till now, wherever a home has been lost, the grief has been the same—in each instance it was a case of Paradise Lost.

Now, the Socialist not only recognizes this love of the individual home as a lion in his path, but he knows that *Patriotism* is also against him. Hence, his fierce attempts to undermine and destroy the sentiment which we call Patriotism. Love of country has its root in love of home; and no man loves his home very warmly if it is nothing but a rented house, or a room in a hotel. The Socialist seeks to reduce the home-feeling to the boarding-house level. The Socialist denies you the right to the individual ownership of your home. Without this individual ownership it is not your home at all. If Mr. Everybody is to hold title to your house while you hold title to Mr. Everybody's house, neither you nor he owns a home in the true sense of the word.

You want your own home, and you are willing for Mr. Everybody to own his. You don't want to boss him, and you don't want him to boss you, in the matter of the home. You want the individual and separate ownership of your home; you want to feel secure in its improvement; you want to feel that it is yours to keep as long as you please; to sell when you get ready; to bequeath it to our wife, or son, or daughter, so that these whom you love best may enjoy what you and they have worked to make.

The Jeffersonian Democrat says *"Destroy Special Privilege;* make the laws conform to the rule of Equal Rights to all, *and you will put it in the power of every industrious man to own his home."*

The Socialist says, "Let Society own the homes, and let So-

ciety move the man about, from house to house, according to the pleasure of Society."

Under that dispensation we wouldn't have any homes worthy of the name, after the present supply wore out. No man is going to toil and moil improving land and houses, unless you guarantee to him the benefit of his own labor. And when you have given him that guaranty, he will have something which is equivalent to a fee-simple title to that land.

The Socialists may squirm and squeal, but they can't get away from the facts.

* * * * * *

The strength of "Orthodox Socialism" consists of two things, —*Discontent* with present conditions, and *Class-hatred.*

The Discontent is warranted, but the remedy offered would substitute one slavery for another. Under Socialism Society would elect labor-bosses, and these labor-bosses would dictate to you how you should work, when you should work and where you should work.

Could power more dangerous be given to mortal man? The angels of heaven are not wise enough and good enough to be trusted with such tremendous despotism over the destinies of a civilized people. And when we stop to think of what frightful abuses would be sure to result, it is enough to make even the Socialists tremble.

Does Society know how to pick out its best men to control public affairs?.. Has it ever known how to do that thing? Are not the woes of the human race traceable to this very cause,—the lack of the wisdom to choose the best men for the exercise of authority? Has not that very problem baffled the statesman throughout the ages? How do we know that Socialism will do any better in that respect than other systems have done?

A wise benevolent despotism might be the best of all government, but where was there ever the despotism that was sure to have its wise, benevolent despot?

Under a good and wise king, a monarchy is not a bad government,—but who could insure the State against the wicked, tyrannical king?

An aristocracy composed of the talent and the culture and the virtue of the state, might give the common people an ideal administration,—but what aristocracy was ever based upon talent and culture and virtue?

A Democracy, such as our fathers conceived, would most-

assuredly be the best possible government,—if we had our fahters here to run it.

Some years ago there was a mild wave of ephemeral books carrying the title *"If Christ Came, etc."*

W. T. Stead's conjectures were based upon Christ's coming to Chicago: M. W. Howard's on His coming to Congress. But nobody wrote upon the more appropriate subject, *"If Andrew Jackson came to the White House."*

The government which Jackson laid down is no more like the government which proudly hails Fairbanks as Vice-President, than the automobile is like the push-cart. Yet the original idea of the cart evolved the automobile, and the consolidated plutocracy which rules and exploits this Union of States represents a morbid growth of original defects in our system.

How do the Socialists know that they will be able to hold bad men down? Will they change human minds and hearts? Will they be able to make the imperfect reach perfection—the human to cease to err?

If not,—woe to the land where Socialism prevails, for they propose to give their head men such a power over the lives and the labor of their fellow man as was never before proposed in the annals of the human race.

Studying the problems of life in Chicago and New York, in Berlin and Vienna, in Paris and London, it is easy for one to fall into vital error. Arguing from a local condition to a general conclusion, the student may go far astray. Certain laws, and certain conditions have caused a congestion of population at certain places; but is it impossible for the wise physician to remove the cause of that conjestion, and thus restore health to the whole body?

Wealth and labor have been concentrated in the big cities; but cannot wealth and labor be equitably distributed?

Suppose we reverse the policies and laws have caused a conjestion of wealth and population, would not the process of distribution at once begin?

If we have ten thousand workmen in Chcago, out of a job, and ten thousand jobs in Georgia, out of a workman, is American statesmanship incapable of dealing with such a very simple problem?

We have ten thousand homeless families in New York hungrily eyeing the Astor estate, but have we not ten thousand farms in Texas, hungrily eyeing the horizon for the coming of ten thousand home-seeking families?

Cannot American statesmanship cope with a situation like that? Shall we never be able to direct the guest to the spare room and the spare bed? Shall we always be made wretched because every soul in the house wants to sleep in the same bed?

Ten thousand workmen cling to Chicago, when every job in the city already has two men after it; why on earth cannot the surplus of the labor be drawn off into the West and South, where two jobs are chasing every man?

There is not one of the evils upon which Socialism bases its just Discontent that cannot be removed by one simple, practical, possible and Democratic remedy—"*Down with Special Privilege!*"

As to the other foundation for Socialism,—Class-hatred,—it plays a more important part than is generally supposed. The rank and file of the Socialist movement care nothing about scientific theories and utopian dreams. What they want is, a part of the good things of life which the other fellow has got.

The lust for loot that winged the feet of the Vandal hordes burns in the breast of the rank and file Socialist. *Do not doubt it.* Veil the facts as they will, *the meaning* of Socialism, to the man of the rank and file, is an equal division of the wealth. "*We made it all,—we mean to take it all!*" that's the song of the Socialist camp, as the banner is set toward modern capitalism.

This slogan is listened to and applauded in the great cities, where wealth and population are congested. It wakes no response whatever in the rural communities where work is plentiful and wages high. With millions of acres of good land begging for occupancy and tillage, in almost every part of rural America, the cry for land has no force, outside the cities. Anybody who wants land can buy it on practically his own terms and his own time, provided he doesn't want to get some other man's improvements for nothing. As long as several millions of people persevere in trying to live on one square mile of dirt, abnormal conditions are inevitable. As long as laboring men flock to places where the labor market is already glutted, the workman will suffer.

God forbid that I, or any man, should dismiss such human problems as these lightly, unfeelingly. My sympathy for the weak and the oppressed is neither shallow nor fitful. I have been for the under dog all my life, and am too old now to veer from or reverse my course. But having been the poorest of poor boys myself, and having studied these questions in the lives of the

poor as well as in books, I am as certain that Socialism is wrong as I am that true Democracy is right.

The Socialism of this country is largely the product of law-defying wealth. When Wall Street money-kings, like Belmont and Morgan, closet themselves at night with a President of the United States, and persuade him to give them a mortgage on the Republic for their own private profit,—Socialism uses the fact for even more than it is worth. Instead of contending that such an abuse of favoritism violates the spirit of Democratic government and should be made impossible in the future, they argue that the abuse of the system proves that the system itself is wrong, *and that Socialism is right.* Here is not only one illogical conclusion, but two.

When a man like Rockefeller pockets net profits of two million dollars per month, pays practically no national taxes, and through the bribery of a Federal judge escapes the Income Tax, —*Socialists are made.*

When a man like Harriman can juggle with railroad properties, robbing the public of hundreds of millions of dollars, yet laughing at the idea of a criminal prosecution,—*Socialists are made.*

When the Steel Trust, through Special Privilege, can earn larger net profits during the year than can be earned on six million farms by twelve million workers,—*Socialists are made.*

When Gas Trusts, and Traction Trusts, and Sugar Trusts, and National Bank Associations and Tariff Associations can plunder at will, destroying human life with remorseless cruelty in the mad rush for money, *money,* MONEY,—*Socialists are made.*

But these abuses of opportunity under our system furnish no better arguments against our system than does a loathsome glutton furnish against a good dinner. Least of all do these abuses of our system prove that *Socialism* is a desirable and workable system.

It can be shown that all the abuses at which the Socialist justly rails,—*grow out of violations of the principles of our system.* The true remedy therefore is to vigorously assert those principles. The thing to do is to purge the Temple—not destroy it.

THE FARMERS' UNION AND THE OCALA PLATFORM.

That the agricultural classes should organize is an absolute necessity. We live in an age of consolidations. The individual is getting lost in his order, for the order is organized, and the organization speaks for the man. The Bankers' Association stands for the individual banker; the Manufacturers' Association for the individual mill; the Labor Union for the individual wage-earner.

Each class has organized to advance its own interests, and the universal tendency is toward mergers, concentration, and monopoly. This is deplorable, but it is true.

Capital having organized itself to bring pressure to bear upon national policies, and to keep wages down to the lowest possible notch, Labor, in its turn, was compelled to organize in self-defense. Just as the Capitalist, favored by class-legislation, has organized the Trust to exploit the Home Market in which the law gives him a merciless monopoly, so the Labor Union is striving through 8 hour laws, the compulsory use of the Union label, the forcible imposition of the closed shop, and the restriction of foreign immigration, *to checkmate the monopoly of Capital with a monopoly of Labor.*

In this war between organized Capital and organized Labor, the unorganized consumers of the joint products of both Capital and Labor are caught as between two mill-stones.

This lamentable fact appears in the weekly expense account of every family in America. The increased cost of living amounts to nothing with those Capitalists who enjoy the monopoly of the Home Market which the Trust gives them. Where they lose one dollar on living expenses, they gain ten thousand as the net earnings of the Trust. The increased cost of living is not ruinous to organized labor, provided the Union advances the scale of wages to keep pace with the advance of prices. To a very general extent, this has been done.

Who is it then that bears the cross,—staggering under the cruel burden of unjust conditions?

It is the man who neither belongs to a Trust nor to a Labor Union. It is the man whose order has not organized for self-preservation. It is the man who has only his individual influence, his individual wealth, his individual vote to protect him.

This unorganized and almost helpless man is not the banker. His order is organized, and the order will take care of the indi-

vidual. So with the manufacturer, the railroader and all the others who have organized.

But how is it with the small merchants, especially the merchants of the towns, villages and cross-roads? They are unorganized and practically helpless. So with numerous other callings, not allied with the Trusts upon the one hand, or the Labor Unions on the other. These independent trades, callings, occupations are victims. On one side they are scorched by the Trusts; on the other they are burnt by the Labor Union. They are as uncomfortable as a man standing by a fire, in the woods, on a wintry night; his back will freeze while he warms his front; or his front will shiver while his back broils.

Among the victims of this abnormal state of things, no class suffers more than the people engaged in agricultural pursuits. It is doubtful if any class suffers so much. Governmental statistics prove that the agricultural workers, as a whole, have made no more than a living since the Civil War. Special Privilege, granted by law to other classes, has been granted mainly at the expense of the farmer; and these unjust laws have cut out the profits from his business.

The record of thirty years proves that he has not enjoyed net earnings. Much is said about the advance in the price of land. It is true that land values have advanced, but this advance means absolutely nothing to the farmer who does not want to sell out and quit. If he wishes to hold his farm, the value of the farm itself means nothing. If he sells to buy again, the advance of land values, takes from him the same that it gave. Consequently, the greater part of all this jubilation over the increase of agricultural wealth is mere arithmetic and hot air. If the farmers of thickly settled communities wanted to sell out and quit the business, they could get more money for their holdings than they could have got ten years ago.

But how much more could they do with the money than they could have done with the smaller price of ten years ago? Could they buy more land with it? No. More boots, shoes, blankets, hardware, furniture, cotton goods, flour, lumber, stoves, or other articles of common use? No. Therefore, since money is simply the medium through which we exchange the things we sell for the things we buy, how is your wealth increased when the proceeds of the farm you sell do not enable you to buy any greater amount of the things you need than the smaller sum which you could have got for the farm ten years ago?

The question answers itself.

Therefore, we may say with all necessary accuracy, that the farmers have been making no more than a living, and that their wealth has not increased. For this appalling condition, there must be some terrible cause. It cannot be that they are growing less industrious; for their crops are larger than ever before. It cannot be said that they are wasteful; for the government reports show that they are not given the chance to waste much.

A study of the official figures will convince any reasonable man that the spoiled darlings of national legislation,—the Special Privileged—take good care that the farmer shall not be led into temptation. For fear that he may fool away his money, the farmer is not allowed to have any to hurt.

John R. McCall, president of one of those rascally Life Insurance Companies, of New York, excused his robbery of the

WHY SHOULD NOT THE GOVERNMENT LOAN DIRECT TO THE PEOPLE ON SECURITY AT TWO PER CENT. INTEREST?

wage-earners by saying, in effect, that if he and his like, had not pilfered the workman, he would have squandered his money on cigars and pool-rooms.

In something of the same spirit, Uncle Sam helps the Privileged Few to rob the farmer, lest that prodigal should waste his substance.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Time and again, the agricultural classes have made strenuous efforts to organize. Owing to reasons which cannot be given here, these efforts have had but partial success. The strongest of the former movements was that which merged several smaller organizations, and became known as the Farmers' Alliance.

This movement became so powerful that in the West it ousted men like John J. Ingall from the Senate and substituted a whiskered curiosity of the name of Peffer. In the South, it unhorsed the Rebel Brigadiers, and elevated to the saddle such men as Marion Butler, Lon Livingston, and Dr. C. W. Macune.

Dominated by an inner clique, known as Gideon's Band, the Farmers' Alliance made many mistakes, developed internal factions and went to pieces. But while it was in the hey-day of its power, it had a harmonious national convention at Ocala, Florida, and put forth a series of "demands" upon which the working classes of all sections could unite.

In that convention, the South and the West stood together; and the laborers of the cities fraternized with the workers of the farms. The Populist movement had not yet sprung up; the partisan politics had not thrust its dividing line between Democrat and Republican. *At Ocala, the farmers were standing together as farmers, not as political partisians.*

And here is what these farmers said they wanted:

(1). *National taxes taken off the necessaries of life,* which the poor must have to live; and the imposing of *an Income Tax which would compel the rich to help support the Government.*

(2). *Governmental control of the railroads;* and if that failed, *governmental ownership.* Thus the farmers of 1888 had reached the advanced ground which such leaders as Bryan and Roosevelt have only reached within the last two years.

(3). *The direct election of U. S. Senators by the people.* This demand has grown so fast in popular favor that we are now having it applied, in various States, by way of the nominating primary.

(4). *The abolition of National Banks.* This Jeffersonian-

Jacksonian principle has met with so little encouragement that the 5,000 corporations which exploit the Special Privilege of exercising a governmental prerogative are more strongly intrenched than ever. Neither Democrat nor Republican dares to whisper a word against a monstrous abuse which Jefferson and the old Democratic party used to declare to be of deadly hostility to our Republican institutions.

(5). *No industry to be built up at the expense of another.*

This sound doctrine is steadily winning its way, and there is no doubt that our Trust-breeding Tariff system will be dragged to the bar of public justice before long, and be sternly asked *"What have you to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"*

(6). *The suppression of gambling in Futures.*

(7). *Economy in the administration of the Government.*

(8). *The restoration of the currency system of the Constitution.*

(9). *Governmental loans to the people, on satisfactory security at 2 per cent. interest.*

This policy of government loans which has worked so well in Continental Europe and in Great Britain, *is now adopted by our own Government in the Philippine Islands.* For the brown men of the Orient, Uncle Sam is now doing precisely what the white men of the United States have vainly asked him to do for *them.*

* * * * * * * * * * *

It is clear to my mind that the Farmers' Union has the opportunity to do great things. It has learned wisdom from the mistakes of the past. Its officers cannot hold their places if they dabble in partisan politics. There is no wheel within a wheel,—no Gideon's Band,—to create distrust and dissension. There is no endorsement of candidates for office. Partisan politics are rigorously excluded. That is right. But all public questions are open to discussion. Which is also right. Politics concern the relation of the citizen to his government and those who want good government must help get it. Good government does not come of its own accord. On the contrary *it is the noblest reward of the most conscientious effort.*

We must remember the reply which Sir David Ramsay made to Lord Rea.

"Then said his Lordship, *"Well, God mend all."*

To which Sir David stoutly replied, *"Nay, by God, Donald, we must help Him to mend it!"*

And so we must. Truth has no voice but yours and mine. Right draws no sword till you and I get ready to fight for her. Justice pleads in vain for respect until you and I march by her side, *striking down her enemies.*

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Farmers' Union would do well to adopt the Ocala Platform. Upon those principles, the working classes of all sections can be harmonized. By endorsing the old creed of the Farmers' Alliance, the Union will reap the benefit of the vast educational work done by the lecturers of that order, and by the 1,500 editors who championed the cause. With those demands put forward as its own, the Farmers' Union at once takes a national positon, with a national creed, a national purpose, a definite remedy for the governmental abuses from which the unprivileged masses suffer. It is well enough for the Farmers' Union to establish the co-operative principle in buying, selling, and borrowing. Immense benefit can be derived from the Union, if it did no more than to substitute good methods for bad, in the mere transaction of ordinary business.

But there is something above and beyond all this. A national policy which robs the cotton grower of at least half his crop, confiscating it to the use of the manufacturer, must not continue to live. It is death to agricultural prosperity to allow that sort of class-legislation to exist.

A national policy which leaves accumulated wealth and swollen incomes untaxed, while raising enormous revenues from the sale of the necessities of life, must perish,—if the middle classes of our people are to be saved from ruin. A national policy which allows 5,000 national bankers to exploit the financial system of 85,000,000 people, is undemocratic, unjust, and "of deadly hostility to the spirit of Republican institutions"—as much so now as when Jefferson and Jackson made their fight upon the evil. A national policy which gives to the pet banks hundreds of millions of dollars,—taxed out of the common people, principally,—charging these pets no interest, while the men who pay the taxes have to borrow money at twelve and fifteen per cent. interest, *is an outrage upon common sense and common justice.*

That policy must be reversed, or the consequences will be national disaster.

* * * * * * * * * * *

What nobler mission could the Farmers' Union embrace than that contemplated by the Farmers' Alliance in the Ocala Plat-

form? What nobler message, thrilling with inspiration and hope, could it carry to an oppressed people?

Talk to us about 15 cents cotton? What good does an advance in the price of cotton do for the farmers, if all the various articles he is compelled to buy advance step by step with the price of his cotton?

The Trusts give with one hand and take with the other.

What is given on raw cotton is taken away in the price of cotton goods. What is given on wheat, is taken back on flour. *What is given on anything you sell, is taken away on everything that you buy.* Away with half-way measures and policies. Let us have the remedies of a wise physician *who removes the causes of the disease,* instead of the nostrums of the quack who salves a local sore.

Why cannot the agricultural classes always command fair prices for cotton and corn, in a world where there is so much nakedness and hunger?

Because the infernal greed of *Special Privilege has dwarfed the market!* Broaden the market; throw wide open the half-closed gates of trade; let manufacturers be content with a reasonable profit; let the Trust relax its grip on the Home Market; let the foreigner come and sell his goods; let prices come within reach of the people; let the people have the power to buy more cotton goods; let this natural consumption of the goods create a greater demand for raw cotton, and *thus naturally cause a permanent, healthy rise in the price of raw cotton.*

Let us apply the reforms of the statesman. Let us look broadly over the whole field, and address ourselves to remedial legislation which is practicable, and which has already been tried with perfect success either in our own country or in other parts of the world. Let us discard visionary schemes and new-fangled doctrines that would lead us into uncharted seas. Let us strive for those reforms which seek *a restitution of rights, which have been taken away from us.* Let us not march into unknown regions to conquer new worlds,—sufficient unto us be it to recover the lost ground which we have allowed invaders to seize.

UNDER THE TRUCKS.

Before you read further than this sentence, turn to another page of the Magazine, and study the picture of the railroad "accident." You see the engine on the left, the passenger coach on the right, and the group of men between the two. You will recognize the evidences of a mishap; and you get the impression, from the manner of the men in the foreground, that the center of interest has been something *under the trucks* of the passenger coach.

And such is the case.

There was a man under the trucks.

A few minutes before, an Engineer was standing near the front of that engine, oiling up. He was waiting on the side-track for a passenger train to come and go. But an open switch had set its death-trap, unknown to the Engineer, and when the passenger train came in, *the trap was sprung,* AND IT CAUGHT THE ENGINEER.

Fatally hurt, the poor fellow had lain there under and between the trucks, until help could come, the trucks be pryed up, and the body released from the fatal fangs of the death-trap.

Next will be formed the *mournful* escort,—the escort which takes the dead man home,—and the young wife who said Good-bye, that morning, to a husband who was in the flush and pride of young manhood, will be given what remains of him,—a body all motionless and cold, the light of life gone, the lips answering now no frantic kiss, the ears hearing no more forever the word of love, or the widow's wail of desolation.

He had been blessed with children,—they are fatherless; he had made for himself and family a prosperous home—it is henceforth a house of sorrow, and, perhaps, of destitution.

One moment full of strength, ready and able for Duty, standing at his post, unsuspicious of danger; the next moment a dying man, through no fault of his own, and *through the gross neglect and sordid greed of the corporation which he served.*

* * * * * * * * * * *

Whenever man, woman, or child is killed at the grade-crossing, *it is murder,* AND SOME RAILROAD MANAGER SHOULD SWING FOR IT.

They *know* that when they pass their railroad across a dirt road, *on a level,* that they are fixing a death-trap; and when human life is lost at such crossings they are liable, before God

and Man!—for the awful but natural *consequence of their criminal negligence.*

Whenever a man, woman, or child is killed because of an open switch, *it is murder,* AND SOME RAILROAD MANAGER OUGHT TO SWING FOR IT.

They *know* that there are patented devices *which make the open-switch accident an impossibility,* and when they refuse to equip the road with these automatic appliances, the tragedies which result from this want of prudence are the awful but natural *consequence of their wilful, deliberate, diabolical* PREFERENCE TO SAVE MONEY RATHER THAN HUMAN LIFE.

Why did the railroads keep on killing their own employees, mashing them to death between freight cars, when they could have avoided the slaughter by equipping their trains with automatic Car couplers? Why did they wait till we got after them in Congress; and why did they *then* organize a lobby, under E. B. Stahlman of the L. & N. R. R., to fight the bill?

And why have they been so long about obeying the law after its enactment?

Because they think more of piling up profits for a gang of

"THE TRAP WAS SPRUNG, AND IT CAUGHT THE ENGINEER."

New York rascals than they do of safe-guarding the lives of men.

Why do the railroads refuse to pass under, or over, the dirt roads, thus abolishing the grade-crossing death-trap?

Why do they refuse to equip the engines with the invention which will *automatically unlock and lock the switch as the engine goes in and out?*

Because they put a higher value upon swollen dividends than upon the engineer, or the passenger, or any other human being.

With a raging lust for money-getting which has no fear of God nor any regard for man, these corporations drive on as relentlessly as the Fates; and they are as deaf to all appeals for mercy, pity, justice and *Right* as a stone god in a pagan temple.

Does it not appall you? Does it stir no leaping pulse, no quickening heart-beat within you? Does no wave of hot indignation pass over your soul, as you think of *the man under the trucks?*

For years to come, the place where poor Ace Aiken lay in his death-agony, will be pointed out to the curious. Men, women and children will stop a minute to hear the story,—and then pass on, as though it had been one of those things which happen in the natural course of events. It will not occur to them that *the man was murdered.*

If, while some group of people stood looking and listening at the spot where Aiken was killed, some reckless or drunken creature should fire off a pistol or gun in the crowd, killing and wounding, what would happen? *The criminal would swing for it,* though he had not meant to kill, and had no malice in his heart against anyone present. For his *criminal negligence,* he would be punished.

The railroad which refuses to adopt *every known safety appliance,* IS GUILTY OF NEGLIGENCE and wherever there is loss of life for lack of such precautions, those whose duty it was *to exercise diligence,* are responsible in law and morals for *the natural consequences of their negligence.*

In such cases, negligence is *a crime; and death, caused by such negligence,* IS MURDER.

* * * * * *

What railroad was it that murdered Ace Aiken on that evening of July 10th, 1907?

The Southern.

This is the lawless federation of Wall Street robbers which ruined the stock-holders of the Georgia Central.

This is the gang of plunderers which Railway Commissions have tried in vain to compel to obey the law of the land. This is the combination of ruthless money-getters who for a dozen years have trampled the Constitution of Georgia under their feet, by holding the Central and destroying competition.

This is the Railway system which in the effort to earn dividends upon watered stock neglects roadbed and bridges; hires cheap men and boys for positions of vast responsibility; works its train crews beyond the limits of human endurance; refuses to adopt safety appliances; slaughters passengers, employees and outsiders from Washington City to the remotest South until its hateful name is a synonym for greed and crime; spends on professional brain-sellers like Alfred Thom and Hamp McWhorter the money that ought to be spent in making travel safe; catches its own President in the death-trap of its vicious criminal methods; and sends its Alfred Thom to the Commencement of the State University of Georgia to deliver a eulogy on Spencer, and a diatribe of rabid abuse against all the Demagogues who have been trying to vindicate the laws, force common carriers to do their duty, and save human life from wanton waste!

Yes, it was the Southern Railroad that murdered Ace Aiken at Neal, Georgia, on July 10, 1907.

And if I were Solicitor-General of that Circuit, I would move heaven and earth to have the Grand Jury of the County in which the homicide occurred to *Indict for Murder* President Finley, and *the General Manager of the Southern Railroad.*

If some of these hirelings of the Northern robbers were sent to the penitentiary *for their criminal negligence,* grade-crossings would go, and every engine would be equipped with *the automatic* switchman.

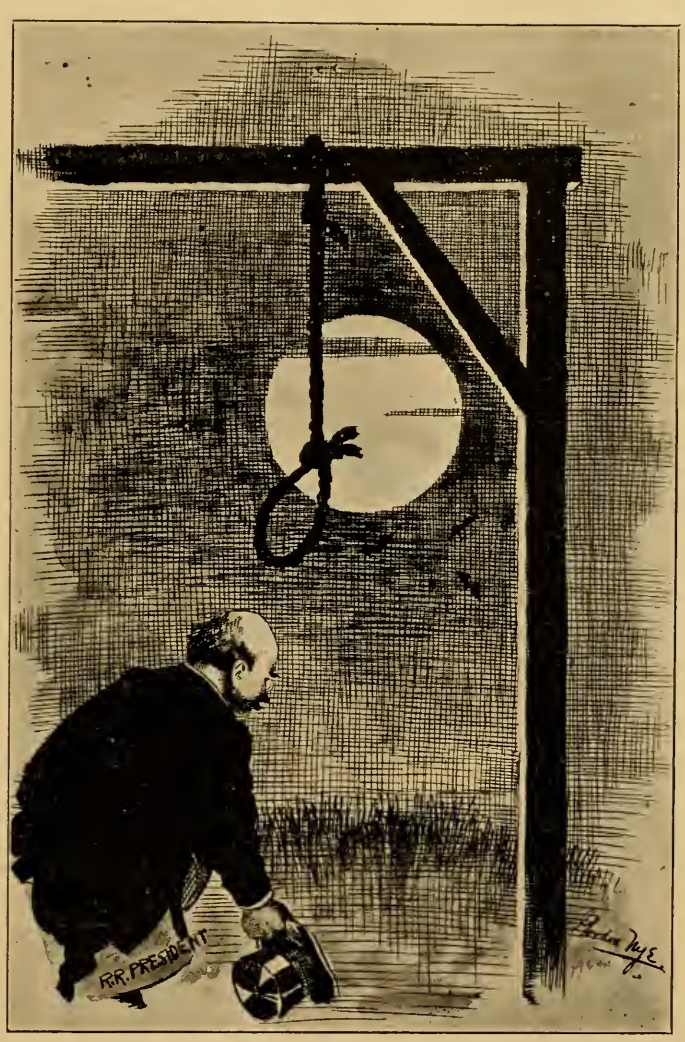
God speed the day when the people will have the intelligence and the courage to make a fight against the death-traps set by these monster corporations.

Law-makers! In the name of the Most High *give us legislation from the stand-point of the victim mashed between the cars, crushed at the grade-crossing, pinned under the trucks!*

Judges!—if you *must* make the law what you please, PLEASE to make *some* of it *for the victims* of this frantic greed for dividends.

In the picture which we present, the man under the trucks was a Georgian. Yesterday the victim was a Virginian. Tomorrow, it will be a Californian. For the raging fever for profits knows no East, no West, no North, no South. From sea

to sea, its march to conquests is a trail of blood. From Lakes to Everglades, it strews the wounded, the dead, and the dying. Black or white, it makes no difference: rich or poor, it matters not: good or bad, young or old, veteran or babe,—what do the ravenous corporations care?



THE ONLY THING THE R. R. PRESIDENTS RESPECT.

They do not care.

That of itself is sufficiently a marvel, hard to comprehend: but the most terrible thing about it is that *you* do not care.

For the car of Juggernaut has not passed over *your* quivering limbs. No, not yet.

Nor has it mangled *your* wife. No, not yet.

Nor has it crimsoned the ground with the shredded flesh of *your* child. Not yet.

Therefore, since the man under the trucks is not *you*,—let the car of Juggernaut roll on. It is too early for you to worry about things which may never happen to *you*. It will be time enough for *you* to object to constant, systematic, mercenary, heartless manslaughter, when YOU are *the man under the trucks*.

IN THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT.

Our friends will please take notice that the Circulation Department has been moved to Thomson, Ga.

All communications intended for Mr. Watson, personally, and all remittances for subscriptions, as well as all other letters referring to circulation should be addressed to Thomson. Money orders, checks and drafts should be made payable to Mr. Watson.

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Our friends are also requested to bear in mind that the special rates given during the summer expire with August. On and after September 1st, 1907, the regular price will be restored. The annual subscription of the Magazine will be $1.50. The price of the weekly paper will be $1.00.

In clubs of 3 or more, the price of the Magazine will be $1.10. In clubs of 3 or more, the price of the weekly paper will be 75 cents.

On and after September 1st, 1907, the commissions of agents will be 30 per cent. This applies to both publications.

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Those newspapers which are willing to give special and separate mention of the Watson Magazine and Weekly paper, will be given special rates, differing from the general rates. This special rate will be based upon the idea that the special and separate mention made of the Watson publications entitles the paper to a special rate.

These special rates will be the subject of a special contract, after September 1st, 1907. In the absence of such contract, only the general clubbing rate can be allowed.

Exceptions to this rule: *The Farmers' Union News, The Missouri World, The Topeka Advocate, The Commoner.* These papers have been very generous to the Watson publications, and the special arrangements already existing will continue as long as desired.

The two publications, "WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE," and "*Watson's Weekly Jeffersonian*" are still offered at $2.00 for the two. Where agents take orders at $2.00 for the two, the commission is 50 cents.

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We can supply full sets of back numbers of the Magazine. You can have a January, 1907, number for 15 cents. So on for each subsequent month. Where a full set is ordered,—say January, February, March, April, May, June, July and August, 1907, —the price will be one dollar. You get the whole of the Andrew Jackson serial in this way,—to say nothing of Will Harben's great story, Ann Boyd, and other matters of permanent value.

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It will not be long before the time of those good friends who first subscribed will be nearing expiration. Those friends are urged not to wait until their time is out before renewing. It is hoped that the Magazine has given satisfaction to its subscribers and that none of those who have followed our efforts to make the Magazine a power for good, will part company with us.

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In regard to the special rate given to certain papers, in return for special and separate mention of the Watson publications, it should be stated that any paper which will write to us erpressing a willingness to secure the benefit of the special rate by complying with the condition upon which it is conceded, will be promptly added to the list hereinbefore given.

But where a paper simply includes the Watson publications in a long list of other periodicals, treating us in a general way—such paper will be understood to not wish for the special contract indicated.

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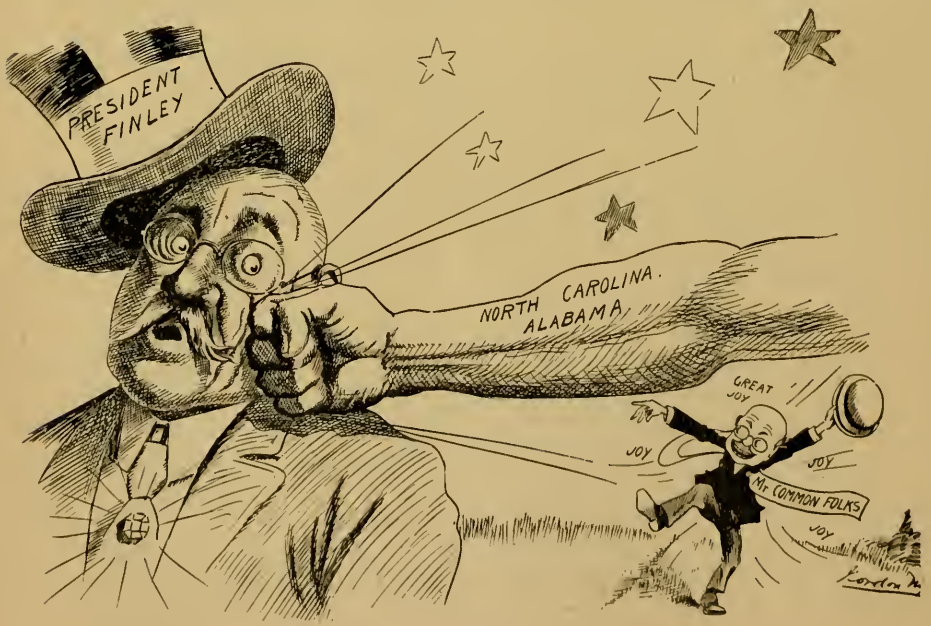
Mr. Watson feels that he need not say how much he appreciates the generous help given him by so many friends in the extension of the circulation of his two publications. He has no purpose in life nearer to his heart than the making of these publications *powerful for good*; and those who aid him earn his profound gratitude.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

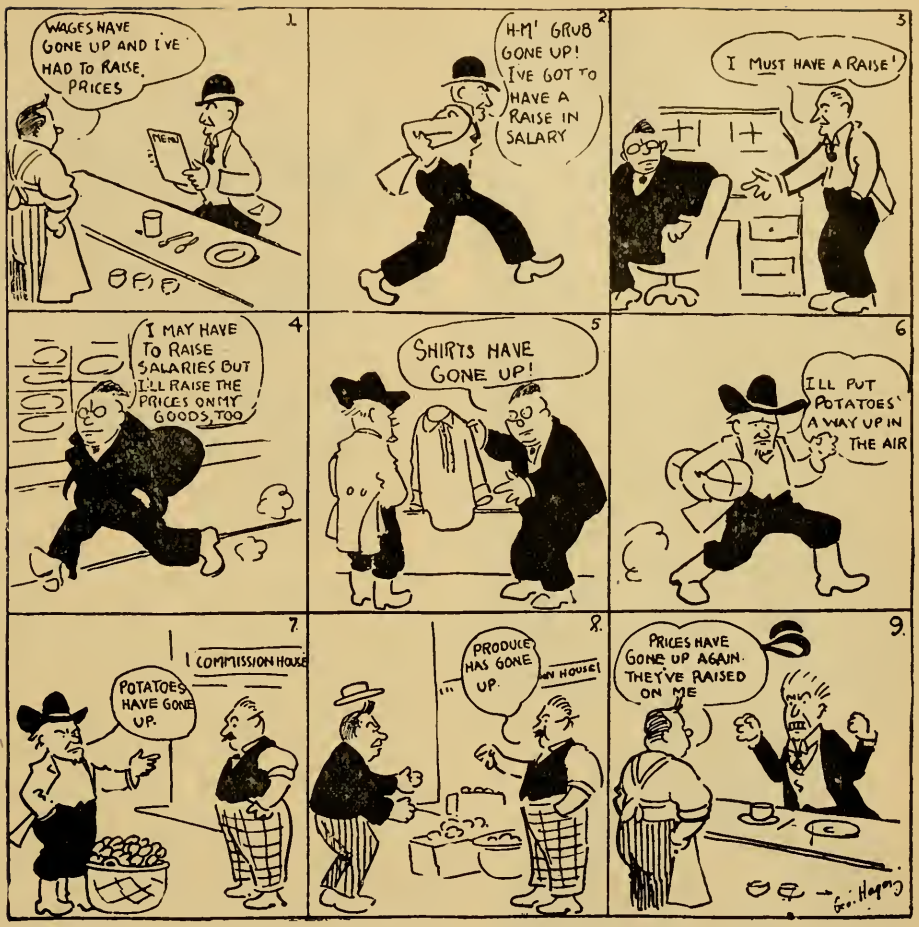
Dogs and Tariff.

Last month, in showing to what extent the patriotic German people are willing to go in the protection of their landlords from the Competition of the pauper-raised cows and hogs of America, the types made me say that those patriots annually consumed, as food, about 50,000 dogs and 200 horses. But the patriotic Germans go beyond that modest number of horses. Annually the consumption of horse-meat requires the slaughter of 200,000 of the noble animals. A mangy dog, or a worn-out horse, makes cheaper food for man than the bullocks and heifers raised by the German landlord. The German government does not want to see its land-lords brought down to the low level of prices which free competition with American meats would establish. Therefore, the German government "protects" its land-lords by compelling the American packers to pay a stiff price for the privilege of selling American meats in Germany. This license fee is, of course, called a Tariff Duty; and all patriotic Germans love it dearly, because it protects their landlords from the pauper-labor of America. Incidentally, it makes meat come high. That is to say, it makes mutton, pork, and beef come high.

Patriotic Germans, not being able to afford mutton, pork or beef, yet being resolutely determined that their landlords shall not suffer from foreign competition, have gone to eating worn-out horses, and dogs of all degrees. Dog-meat and High Tariff is certainly a beautiful system for Christian statesmen to contemplate.



BANG!



HOW IT WORKS IN THE UNITED STATES.

From Seattle Post-Intelligence.

In Germany, Special Privilege given by law to the land-owning class, brings the common man down to the dog-eating level.

In the United States, Special Privilege given by law to the mill-owning class, sends ragged children to pick the cotton, and to help spin the cotton, which clothes the world.

Patriotic growers of cotton, corn and wheat are so intent upon protecting the spinner from the awful consequences of fair competition, that they uphold with earnest votes the system which concedes the wealth-producer just enough to live on, while *it yields to the mill-owners, yearly, two thousand million dollars* OVER AND ABOVE A NET PROFIT OF 8 PER CENT. UPON THE CAPITAL INVESTED.

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Finley, Harriman and Morgan. This summer those Railroad Presidents who had nothing to interfere with their annual outings to Europe, have been the exception. In fact, the average railroad president has had every cause to be peculiarly provoked by the idiotic

question, "*Is it hot enough for you?*" The attitude of the Federal Government toward E. H. Harriman reminds one of the children's game, with its "*Heavy, heavy hangs over your head.*" As to the bloodiest of all the human butchers, The Southern Railroad, its summer has been strenuous. While its real owner, J. P. Morgan, has been in Europe lavishing upon alleged Art Collections the millions of which he has robbed the American people, his under-study, W. W. Finley, has only been saved from jail by a Federal Judge, who has acted, to all intents and purposes, as Chief Counsel for the railroad.

* * * * *

The Legislature of North Carolina made a law which a Wall Street corporation, doing business in North Carolina, did not like. Instead of obeying the law until some court of competent jurisdiction should set it aside as contrary to the State or Federal Constitution, the Wall Street corporation *decided for itself* that the statute was unconstitutional, *and refused to obey it.*

E. H. HARRIMAN.

W. W. FINLEY.

Such a defiance of law and the conconstituted authorities means anarchy, of course. If the Southern Railroad can pick and choose the statutes it will obey, scornfully ignoring such as it does not approve, any other corporation can do it. And if the corporations can say what laws they will obey, natural persons will claim the same right.

It must be apparent to all, that a Governor who was not in collision with law-breakers, and who felt it to be his duty to uphold the dignity of Government could not hesitate a moment in saying "*Obey that law until it is set aside in a legal manner; or you will go to jail like any other law-breaker,—no matter how rich you are!*"

That is practically what Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, said to W. W. Finley.

And as soon as Finley saw that the Governor meant just what he said, Finley backed down,—as all these big

law-breakers will do when dealt with in the same spirit.

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Revolutionary Federal Judges.

The action and attitude of such Federal Judges as Jones, of Alabama, and Pritchard, of North Carolina, is revolutionary. If the preposterous position they take were allowed to stand, as good law, there would not only be *an end of Home Rule in the States, but corporation property would be placed on Holy Ground,* distinctly above all other property, with all other property at its mercy. Judge Jones, of Alabama, and Judge Pritchard, of North Carolina, not only violate the letter and spirit of *Magna Carta* as embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment, but they totally ignore the historic origin and meaning of the Eleventh Amendment.

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As all lawers ought to know, the States compelled Congress to submit that Amendment for adoption, for the very reason that Chief Justice Marshall in the Chisholm case had usurped those indentical powers now arrogated to the Federal Judiciary by Jones and Pritchard.

Chisholm had sued the State of Georgia, and the U. S. Supreme Court took jurisdiction. The States thought it intolerable to have to submit to being dragged into the Federal Court to answer the demands of individuals. Therefore, when the U. S. Supreme Court took the position that it did in the Chisholm case, the dissatisfaction of the States was so universal and so profound that *the Eleventh Amendment was adopted to protect the States.*

What Pritchard was attempting to do in North Carolina and in Virginia was *not only the nullification of the laws of a State,* but was *a violation of the Eleventh Amendment of the Constitution of the United States.*

FEDERAL JUDGE J. C. PRITCHARD.

If Pritchard tries that kind of thing again, and Congress fails to impeach him, the people themselves will find a way to bring him to his senses.

Judges who act as railroad lawyers cannot always screen themselves from public indignation.

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What sillier twaddle was ever heard than their judicial deliverances in favor of corporation *profits?* What student, familiar with historic origins and the evolution of legal principles, can listen with patience to this parrot chatter about *"confiscation,"* and *"confiscatory?"*

The Great Charter declared again the old Saxon right of holding land and chattels until deprived thereof by process of law—*not* by arbitrary seizure in which might was right.

The Fourteenth Amendment like the States' Bills of Right, repeated

the declaration: "Don't arbitrarily confiscate land and chattels, any more than you arbitrarily imprison a man."

That was all the law said.

That was all it meant. To say that a statute which cuts the net earnings out of my farm, or factory, confiscates the farm, or factory, is sheer nonsense.

If that be the law, Congress would never dare to lower a Tariff duty. Each mill-owner would come along with his pack of lawyers and his docile Federal Judge; and the Act of Congress, would be "held up", because the judge thought that a reduction of the duty on the article manufactured at that mill, would deprive the owner of net profit.

If a law which cuts net profits out of a railroad confiscates all the realty and personalty owned by the corporation, *why would not a lower Tariff duty, taking profit away from the mill, confiscate the whole property?*

The two cases are "on all-fours" with each other.

GOVERNOR GLENN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Anybody should be able to see the difference between the law which is unjust, but constitutional, and the law which is both unjust and unconstitutional. It may be unjust to split my farm open to give right of way to a canal, or turnpike, or street, or railroad. It may be unjust because it violates my own preference and wishes. But if compensation is legally assessed and tendered in advance, such a taking of my land by law is not unconstitutional. In the State of Georgia, the citizen cannot sell his own seed cotton at night. Nor can he make his own fruit into cider, wine, brandy, etc., and sell it in his own home, if he lives in a "dry" county.

Such laws infringe upon *natural* liberty; and there are many constitutional acts of the Legislatures and of Congress which are horribly unjust.—but they violate no provision of the Constitution.

* * * * *

Now, a law which actually does deprive any person, natural or artificial, of a reasonable chance to make a legitimate profit out of the business, is an unjust law, but such a law is not, *on that ground alone,* unconstitutional.

The law never has had anything to say about the insurance or inviolability of net profits. From early Anglo-Saxon days in England down to the present moment, no sane, sober, honest judge has ever confused the right to earn net profit, with the *security of title.*

Take away my chance to make a profit on my farm, on my mill, on my store, on my publishing house,—and you have dealt harshly with me, have done me an injustice; but you have not confiscated my farm, mill, store or publishing house.

Take away the farm itself by forcible ejectment, or by annulling my title,—*then* I can sneeze, and plead *"confiscatory."*

THE NEW WAY OF SPELLING IT.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

From the old Anglo-Saxon period down to the present time, *my title* has been kept insured against wanton annulment,—my legal possession inviolate from arbitrary dispossession. But as to net profits, that's another matter altogether. No law, no charter, no Amendment, and no judicial decision worthy of respect ever undertook to guarantee them to any person, natural or artificial.

Title and its sanctity is a simple matter; the law can and does recognize it and protect it.

Net profits depend upon hundreds of contingencies over which statutes and courts have no control; and when a judge sets out to see to it that corporations earn net profits, at all times and under all circumstances, *he is making the law,* at every step he takes.

Since God made the world, no such monstrous doctrine was ever heard of until predatory corporations learned the secret of controlling cabinets, legislatures, the press and the judiciary.

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The Haywood Case.

The Haywood case, to the immense chagrin of the rabid Socialists, resulted in the acquittal of the accused. Under the charge of Judge Wood, the jury could not have made any other verdict than that of "Not Guilty."

In virtually telling the jury to ignore the testimony of Orchard, the accomplice, the Court went too far. That is not the law.

* * * * *

Nevertheless, the fact seems to be that the country has accepted the verdict as the best thing that could have happened. It relieved a painful tension, and the escape of Haywood is a kind of set-off to the immunity given to Sherman Bell and his ruthless confederates. Nobody would now defend the brutal manner in which the mine-owners treated the workmen. *"To*

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

"THE NATIVES TOOK LITTLE INTEREST."

hell with the Constitution" is not the kind of talk we like to hear from the Generals whom the Governors put in charge of the troops. Bull-pens, bayonet persuasion, and summary banishment, are not much more popular than bombs and sand-bags.

* * * * *

That the mine-owners resorted to criminal methods, is known of all men. That the Western Federation of miners retaliated in kind, cannot be doubted. Whether Haywood was guilty as charged, matters comparatively little. The important thing is, that in the very heart of the troubled country, he secured a jury which satisfied both sides, had an orderly trial, and received the merciful provision of the law which gives to the accused the benefit of every reasonable doubt.

But one who has ever been, in vote as well as in spoken or written word, the friend of organized labor gives this advice,—*makes no hero out of Haywood.*

It would be as much of a mistake as for the mine-owners to glorify Sherman Bell.

* * * * *

The French in Morocco.

"Benevolent assimilation" is making great progress in Morocco. The French have bombarded an old Moorish town called Casabanc, and have slaughtered great numbers of the natives. The Christians were armed with the best of modern cannon, rifles, machine guns and deadly missles, while the Moors were equipped with picturesque, muzzle-loading muskets of the vintage of George Washington, Frederick the Great, and Marshal Saxe. Of course, the Moors were butchered, with almost perfect safety to the French.

It is the same old story of the encroachment of the white race upon the colored brother. The French already own large domains in Africa, and they want more.

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The Philippine Elections.

Since the August number went to press, the Philippine elections have been held. The natives took little interest, and the vote was light.

There being very little in this election for the Filipinos, it is not strange that they were indifferent.

JUDGE K. M. LANDIS.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.
From N. Y. Journal.

No people has ever learned self-government, as a child learns to read, by having a master to teach it. Self-government must be evolutionary; must be developed from within. No nation can forcibly inject self-government into another. No matter how deftly the syringe is manipulated, the attempt will be a failure.

* * * * *

The Standard Fined.

The Standard Oil Company having been convicted before Judge Landis, of Chicago, on hundreds of counts, charging it with violations of the Federal Statutes, was fined $29,000,000.

Mr. Rockefeller is reported to have said that Judge Landis "will be dead a long time before the fine is paid."

Mr. Rockefeller's prophecy may be verified, but there is one thing which is much more likely to come to pass than that the judge will die before the fine is paid, and that is this: If these high-headed millionaires do not quit defying the law and insulting public opinion, some of them will get speedy and rough justice at the hands of Judge Lynch.

Governor Hoke Smith.

The Georgia Legislature has adjourned. By law, the session is limited to 50 days. This, of course, gives a great advantage to those who oppose new legislation. If the presiding officer is not in sympathy with proposed measures, and the opposition on the floor is led by some one versed in parliamentary tactics, it is obvious that day after day can be consumed in systematic obstruction. Such a minority can thus block legislation and defeat the majority. A handful of corporation attorneys and agents can set aside the verdict of the millions.

* * *

The Legislature was not in sympathy with Governor Hoke Smith. Many of the members belonged to "the old gang." The people who elected them had not been made acquainted with the true nature of their legislative records.

Under difficult conditions, Governor Smith has done well. No man could have done better. In spite of lobbyists and obstructionists, he wrung from the Legislature a sweepingly good law which gives the Railroad Commission *the power of the State* in dealing with public service corporations. He also secured the passage of a bill which redeems the main pledge of his campaign,—to wit, the Disfranchisement bill. If no other achievement stood to his credit, Governor Smith would deserve the grateful thanks of all white men who realize that *independence in politics* is utterly impossible in the South *while the negro can be used as a balance of power.* To free the whites, political privilege has to be taken from the negro. Governor Smith! The JEFFERSONIAN welcomes you to the great class of men who will *battle for an idea!*

You have taken your place beside those Governors whom the people

delight to honor! Folk of Missouri, Broward of Florida, Hughes of New York, Vardaman of Mississippi, Glenn of North Carolina, Swanson of Virginia, Comer of Alabama had already written their names on the rock of public confidence: and now Smith of *Georgia* is inscribed.

Some day; our proud old State will send you to the Senate!

* * *

What may not be done by co-operation!

Congressman Hardwick of Georgia had long struggled for the Disfranchisement of the negro; Mr. Watson had long struggled to break the bonds by which Yankee corporations, acting under the name of the Democratic Party, held the South in political slavery.

Speaking in Atlanta during the presidential campaign of 1904, Mr. Watson pledged himself to aid the Democracy of the State to remove all fear of "negro domination," by depriving the negroes of political privilege.

Since there was *no other way under heaven by which the whites could be made free,* the disfranchisement of the negroes was imperatively demanded.

Shortly after Mr. Watson's speech, Congressman Hardwick came to Mr. Watson's house and suggested a state campaign on that line:—the Democrats to run a strong man pledged to Disfranchisement, and Mr. Watson to throw his strength to this candidate. The rest is well known. Mr. Watson kept the faith and helped win the fight. Governor Smith has kept faith and redeemed the pledge. By loyal and earnest co-operation, a great work has been accomplished.

* * * * *

That Governor Smith has done everything in his power to keep his contract with the people no one can doubt. He will fight it out on this line if he has to hold the Legislature in extra session till Christmas; and nothing is more certain than that public opinion will compel the Legislature to keep the campaign pledges of 1906.

* * *

The political situation used to be this, in the South:

Call a man or measure Democratic, and all white voters are compelled to vote that way—*because of the fear of negro domination.*

Henceforth the political situation will be:

Those men and measures calling themselves Democratic must be truly *democratic,* (with a small d.) or they will be repudiated by the intelligent white man who can *now* afford to act upon *his own judgment.*

* * *

The Georgia Legislature also enacted a general Prohibition law of which great things are hoped and expected.

Upon this subject the JEFFERSONIAN is not as sanguine as it would like to be. Under the honorable name of Drug Store, the debauchers of youth are doing desolating work all over this broad land; and we older people are beginning to fear that thousands of boys and girls, *who would never be caught in a bar-room,* are being led by Coca-Cola, and other "soft drinks," *into paths of dissipation that lead to the abyss* into which John Barleycorn drops *his* victims.

ANN BOYD

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

Chapter XXI.

LEFT alone, still on her door-step, Ann, with fixed eyes and a face like carved stone, watched him move away in the soft moonlight, the very embodiment of youth and faith. She twisted her cold hands between her knees and moaned. What was the matter with her, anyway? Was it possible that the recent raging fires of her life's triumph were already smouldering embers, half covered with the ashes of cowardly indecision? Was she to sit quacking like that because a mere youth wanted his toy? Was she not entitled to the sweet spoils of victory, after her long struggle and defence? Yes, but Virginia! After all, what had the innocent, sweet-natured girl to do with the grim battle? Never, in all Ann had heard of the constant gossip against her, had one word come from Virginia. Once, year ago, Ann recalled a remark of Mrs. Waycroft that the girl had tried to keep her mother from speaking so harshly of the lone brunt of general reproach, and yet Virginia was at that very moment treading the crumbling edge of the self-same precipice over which Ann had toppled.

The lone woman rose stiffly and went into the house to go to bed—to go to bed—to sleep! with all that battle of emotion in her soul and brain. The clock steadily ticking and throwing its round, brass pendulum from side to side caught her eye. It was too dark to see the hands, so she lighted a candle-dip, and with the fixed stare of a dying person she peered into the clock's face. Half-past ten! Yes, there was perhaps time for the rescue. If she were to get to Chester's in time, her judgment of woman's nature told her one word from her would complete the rescue—the rescue of Jane Hemingway's child—Jane's chief hope and flag of virtue that she would still wave defiantly in her eyes. Without undressing—why, she could not have explained—Ann threw herself on her bed and buried her face in the pillow, clutching it with tense, angry hands.

"Oh, what's the matter with me?" she groaned. "Why did that fool come here tonight, telling me that it would bring him to the gallows stained to the bone with the dye of hell, and that *I* must keep her in the right road—me? Huh, me keep a girl in the right track, so they can keep on saying I'm the only scab on the body of the community? I won't; by all the powers above and below, *I won't!* She can look out for herself, even if it *does* ruin an idiot of a man and pull him— It really *would* ruin him, though. Maybe it would ruin *me*. Maybe he's right and I ought to make a life business of saving others from what I've been through—saving even my enemies. Christ said it; there is no doubt about that. He said it. He never had to go through with what I have, though, for He was free from the desire to fight, but He meant that one thing, as the one great law of life—*the only law of life!* Oh, God, I must do something! I don't

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know which to do, as God is my creator, I don't actually know which to do. I don't—I don't—I don't—really—know—which—I *want* to do. That's it—I don't know which I *want* to do. I'm simply crazy to-night. I've never felt this way before. I've always been able to tell whether I wanted, or didn't want, a thing, but now—"

She turned over on her side. Then she sat up, staring at the clock. Next she put her feet on the floor and stood erect. "I won't" she said between set teeth. "I won't. Before God, and all the imps of hell I'll not meddle with it. It's Jane Hemingway's business to look after her silly girl, and not mine."

She went again to the porch and stood staring out into the white moonlight. The steady beat of the hoofs of Luke King's horse, dying out on the still night, came to her. Dear, dear boy! he did love the girl and he never would be the same again—never. It would mean his downfall from the glorious heights he had climbed. He would grapple as a wild beast with the despoiler, and, as he said, go willingly to his own end? Yes, that was Luke King; he had preached of the rugged road to heaven, he would take the easier way to hell, and laugh in his despair at the whole thing as a joke of fate.

Before she knew it, Ann found herself out at the gate. Forces within her raised her hand to the latch and pushed her body through.

"I'll not meddle," she said, and yet she moved down the road. She met no one, heard nothing save the dismal croakings of the frogs in the marshes. On she went, increasing her speed at every step. Yes, she realized now that she must try to save the girl, for Virginia had done her no personal injury. No, she must abide another time and seek some other means for revenge against the mother. Chance would offer something Why, the cancer—why hadn't she thought of that? Wasn't that enough for any human being to bear? Yes, Jane would get her reward. It was fast on the road. And for Luke's sake—for the sake of the brave, good-hearted, struggling boy, she would try to save his sweetheart. Yes, that seemed inevitable. The long, white fence of the Chester place suddenly cut across her view. Near the center Ann descried the tall, imitation stone gate-post, spanned at the top by a white crescent, and towards this portal she sped, breathing through her big nostrils like a laboring ox.

Reaching the gate and opening it, she saw a buggy and a pair of horses hitched near the door. Ann paused among the boxwood bushes and stared in perplexity. What could it mean? she asked herself. Had Colonel Chester suddenly returned home, or was Langdon recklessly planning to flee the country with the thoughtless girl? Mystified, Ann trudged up the gravelled walk, seeing no one, till she stood on the veranda steps. The big, old-fashioned drawing-room on the right of the dark entrance-hall was lighted up. Loud, masculine laughter and bacchanalian voices burst through the half-open windows. Ann went up the steps and peered in at one of them, keeping her body well back in the shadow. There were three men within—two drummers, one of whom was Fred Masters, and Langdon Chester. The latter, calm and collected, and yet with a look of suppressed fury on his face, was reluctantly serving whiskey from an ancient cut-glass decanter. Ann saw that he was on the verge of an angry outburst, and began to speculate on the cause. Ah! she had an idea, and it thrilled her through and through. Quietly retracing her steps to the lawn, she inspected the exterior of the great rambling structure. She was now sure that the visit of the

men had come in the nature of an unwelcome surprise to the young master of the house and she found herself suddenly clinging to the warm hope that the accident might have saved the girl.

"Oh, God, let it be so!" Ann heard herself actually praying. "Give the poor young thing a chance to escape what I've been through!"

But where was the object of her quest? Surely, Virginia had not gone back home, else Ann would have met her on the way. Looking long and steadily at the house, Ann suddenly descried a dim light burning up-stairs in the front room on the left-hand side of the upper hall. Instinct told her that she ought to search there, and, going back to the house, the determined rescuer crossed the veranda, walked boldly through the open door-way, and tiptoed to the foot of the broad, winding stairway. Loud laughter, the clinking of glasses, and blatant voices raised in harsh college-songs burst upon her. The yawning space through which the stairs reached upward was dark, but with a steady hand on the smooth walnut balustrade, Ann mounted higher with absolutely fearless tread. She had just gained the first landing, and stood there encompassed in darkness, when the door of the drawing-room was suddenly wrenched open and Langdon and Masters, in each other's arms, playfully struggled into view.

"You really must go now, boys," Chester was saying, in a persuasive voice. "I don't want to be inhospitable, you know, but I have that important work to do, and it must be done to-night. It is a serious legal matter, and I promised to mail the papers to my father the first thing in the morning."

"Papers nothing!" Masters cried, in a drink-muffled tone. "This is the first time I ever honored your old ancestral shack with my presence, and I won't be sent off like a tramp from the door. Besides, you are not open and above-board—you never were so at college. That was your great forte, freezing your friends out of asking questions where your private devilment was concerned. That, and the reputation of your family for fighting duels, kept the whole school afraid of you. On my honor, Dick," he called out to the man in the drawing-room, "I tell you I'm sure I saw a woman with him on the steps of the veranda as we drove up. He had hold of her hand and was pulling her into the hall."

"Ah, don't be absurd," Ann heard Chester say, with a smooth, guarded laugh. "Get in your rig, boys, and drive back to the hotel. I'll see you in the morning."

"Get in the rig nothing!" Masters laughed. "We are going to spend the night here, aren't we, Dick?"

"You, bet; that's what I came for," a voice replied from within. "But let him go do his work, Fred. You and I can finish the game, and empty his decanter. You can't walk off with my money and not give me a chance to win it back."

"Yes, yes, that's a bang-up idea," Masters laughed, and he pushed Chester by main force back into the light. You go burn the midnight oil, old man, and I'll make this tenderfoot telegraph his house for more expense money."

With a thunderous slam, the door was closed. Loud voices in hot argument came from the room, and then there was silence. Chester had evidently given up in despair of getting rid of his guests. Ann moved on up the steps. In the room on the left the light was still burning. she could see a pencil of it under the door-shutter. To this she groped and softly rapped, bending her ear to the key-hole to listen. There was no sound within. Ann rapped again, more loudly, her hand on the latch. She

listened again, and this time she was sure she heard a low moan. Turning the bolt, she found the door locked, but at the same instant noticed that the key had been left in the door on the outside. Turning the key, Ann opened the door, went in, and softly closed the opening after her. A lamp, turned low, stood on the mantel-piece, and in its light she saw a crouching figure in a chair. It was Virginia, her face covered with her hand, moaning piteously.

"Let me go home, for God's sake, let me go home!" she cried, without looking up. "You said I was to get the money, if I came only to the door, and now—oh, oh!" The girl buried her face still deeper in her apron and sobbed.

Ann, an almost repulsive grimace on her impassive face, stood over her and looked about the quaintly furnished room with its quiet puritanical luxury of space, at the massive mahogany centre-table, with carved legs and dragon-heads supporting the polished top, the high-posted bed and rich, old, faded canopy, the white counterpane and pillows looking like freshly fallen snow.

"Thank God," Ann said, aloud.

Virginia heard, sat as if stunned for an instant, and then with a stare of bewilderment looked up.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I thought it was—"

"I know, huh, child! nobody could know better than I do. Don't ask me what I come here for. I don't know any better than you do, but I come, and I'm going to get you out of it—that is, if I'm in time to do any good at all. Oh, you understand me, Virginia Hemingway. If I'm in time, you'll march out of here with me, if not, God knows you might as well stay here as anywhere else."

"Oh, Mrs. Boyd, how can you ask me such an awful—"

"Well, then, I won't!" Ann said, more softly. "Besides, I can see the truth in your young face. The Almighty has put lights in the eyes of women that only one thing can put out. Yours are still burning."

Virginia rose to her feet and clutched Ann's strong arm convulsively.

"Oh, if you only knew *why* I came, you'd not have the heart to think me absolutely bad. Mrs. Boyd, as God is my Judge, I came because he—

"You needn't bother to tell me anything about it," Ann grunted, with a shrug of her shoulders. "I know why you come; if I hadn't suspicioned the truth I'd have let you alone, but I ain't going to tell you why I come. I come, that's all. I come, and if we are going to get out of here without a scandal we've got to be slick about it. Those devils are still carousing down there. Let's go now while the parlor door is shut.

They had reached the threshold of the chamber when Virginia drew back suddenly.

"He told me not to dare to go that way!" she cried. "He said I'd be seen if I did. He locked me in, Mrs. Boyd—*he* locked the door!"

"I know that, too," Ann retorted, impatiently. "Didn't I have to turn the key to get in? But we've *got* to go this way. We've got to go down them steps like I come, and past the room where they are holding high carnival. We've got to chance it, but we must be quick about it. We haven't time to stand here talking."

She turned the carved brass knob and drew the shutter towards her. At the same instant she shrank back into Virginia's arms, for the drawing-room door was wrenched open, and Masters' voice rang out loudly in the great hall.

"We will see where he bunks, won't we, Dick? By George, the idea of an old college-chum refusing to let a man see his house! I want to look at the photographs you used to stick up on the walls, you sly dog! Oh,

you've got them yet! You don't throw beauties like them away when they cost a dollar apiece."

"Go back to your game, boys!" Langdon commanded, with desperate coolness. "I'll show you the house after a while. Finish your game!"

"The cold-blooded scoundrel!" Ann exclaimed, under her breath. "Not a drop has passed his lips to-night, as much as he likes a dram." She closed the door gently and stood looking about the room. On the edge of the mantel-piece she saw something that gleamed in the dim light, and she went to it. It was a loaded revolver.

"He threatened you with this, didn't he?" Ann asked, holding it before her with the easy clasp of an expert.

"No, he didn't do that," Virginia faltered, "but he told me if—if I made a noise and attracted their attention and caused exposure, he'd kill himself. Oh, Mrs. Boyd, I didn't mean to come here to this room at first. I swear I didn't. He begged me to come as far as the front door to get the money the man had brought back from Darley, then—"

"Then those drunken fools drove up, and he persuaded you to hide here," Ann interrupted, her mind evidently on something else. "Oh, I understand; they played into his hands without knowing it, and it's my private opinion that they saved you, silly child. You can't tell me anything about men full of the fire of hell. You'd 'a' gone out of this house at break of day with every bit of self-respect wrung out of you like water out of a rag. You'd 'a done that, if I hadn't come."

"Oh, Mrs. Boyd—"

"Don't, oh Mrs. Boyd me!" Ann snapped out. "I know what I'm talking about. That isn't the point. The point is getting out to the road without a row and a scandal that will ring half-way round the world. Let a couple of foul-mouthed drummers know a thing like this, and they would actually pay to advertise it in the papers. I tell you, child—"

Ann broke off to listen. The door of the drawing-room seemed to be opened again, and as quickly closed.

"Come on." Ann held the revolver before her. "We've got to make a break for freedom. This ain't no place for a pure young woman. You've got what the highfaluting society gang at Darley would call a chaperon, but she isn't exactly of the first water, according to the way such things are usually graded. Seems like she's able to teach you tricks to-night."

Virginia caught Ann's arm. "You are not going to shoot—" she began, nervously.

"Not unless I *have* to," Ann said. "But only hell knows what two drunken men and a cold, calculating devil of that brand will do in a pinch. I'll see you down them steps, and out into God's moonlight, if I have to drag you over enough corpses to make a corduory road. I know how to shoot. I killed a squirrel once in a high tree with a pistol. Come on; they happen to be quiet right now."

Ann opened the door and led the quaking girl across the upper corridor to the stairs, and they began to grope down the steps, Ann's revolver harshly scratching as it slid along the railing. The voices in the drawing-room, as they neared the door, grew more boisterous. There was a spasmodic and abortive effort at song on the part of Masters, a dash of a deck of playing-cards on the floor, angry swearing, and the calm remonstrance of the master of the house. Down the steps the two women went till the drawing-room door was passed. Then the veranda was gained, and the wide lawn and gravelled walks stretched out invitingly in the moonlight.

"Thank God," Ann muttered, as if

to herself. "Now come on, let's hustle out into the shelter of the woods."

Speeding down the walk, hand-in-hand, they passed through the gate and reached the road. "Slick as goose-grease," Ann chuckled. "Now we are plumb safe—as safe as we'd be anywhere in the world."

Drawing Virginia into the shadow of the trees bordering the road, she continued, more deliberately: "I could take you through the woods and across my meadows and fields, but it's a rough way at night, and it won't be necessary. We can take the main road and dodge out of the way if we hear anybody coming."

"I'm not afraid now," Virginia sighed. "I'm not thinking about that. I'm only worried about what you think—what you think, Mrs. Boyd.

"Never you mind what *I* think, child," Ann said, quietly. "God knows I never would blame you like other folks, for I know a thing or two about life. I've learned my lesson."

Virginia laid her hand firmly on Ann's strong one. "He promised me the money to have mother's operation performed. Oh, I couldn't let the chance escape, Mrs. Boyd—it meant so much to the poor woman. You have no idea what torture she is in. He wouldn't give it to me unless —unless I went all the way to his house for it. I hardly knew why, but —yes, I *knew*—"

"That's right," Ann broke in, "it won't do any good to tell a story about it. You knew what he wanted; any girl of your age with common-sense would know."

"Yes, I knew," Virginia confessed again, her head hanging, "but it was the only chance to get the money, and I thought I'd risk it. I *did* risk it, and have come away empty-handed. I'm safe, but my poor mother—"

"Put that woman out of it for one minute, for God's sake!" Ann hurled at her. "And right here I want it understood I didn't leave a warm bed to-night to do her a favor. I done it, that's all there is about it, but keep her out of it."

"All right," the girl gave in. "I don't want to make you mad after what you have done, but I owe it to myself to show you that I was thinking only of her. I am not bad at heart, Mrs. Boyd. I wanted to save my mother's life."

"And you never thought of yourself, poor child!" slipped impulsively from Ann's firm lips. "Yes, yes, I believe that."

"I thought only of her, till I found myself locked there in his room and remembered what, in my excitement, I had promised him. I promised him, Mrs. Boyd, to make no outcry, and— and—" Virginia raised her hands to her face. "I promised, on my word of honor, to wait there till he came back. When you knocked on the door I thought it was he, and when you opened it and came in and stood above me, I thought it was all over. Instead, it was you, and—"

"And here we are out in the open air," Ann said, shifting the revolver to the other hand. She suddenly fixed her eyes on Virginia's thin-clad shoulders. "You didn't come here a cool night like this without something around you, did you?"

"No, I—oh, I've left my shawl!" the girl cried. "He took it from me, and kept it. He said it was to bind me to my promise to stay till he got back."

"The scoundrel!—the wily scamp!" Ann muttered. "Well, there is only one thing about it, child. I'm going back after that shawl. I wouldn't leave a thing like that in the hands of a young devil beat in his game; he'd make use of it. You go on home. I'll get your shawl by some hook or crook. You run over to my house on the sly tomorrow morning and I'll give it back to you."

"But, Mrs. Boyd, I—"

"Do as I tell you," the elder woman commanded, "and see that you keep this thing from Jane Hemingway. I don't want her to know the part I've taken tonight. Seems to me I'd rather die. What I've done, I've done, but it isn't for her to know. I've helped her daughter out of trouble, but the fight is still on between me and her, and don't you forget it. Now, go on; don't stand there and argue with me. Go on, I tell you. What you standing there like a sign-post with the boards knocked off for? Go on home. I'm going back for that shawl."

Virginia hesitated for a moment, and then, without speaking again, and with her head hanging down, she turned homeward.

Chapter XXII.

As Ann Boyd reached the veranda, on her return to the house, loud and angry voices came from the parlor through an open window.

"Blast you, I believe it *was* some woman," she heard Masters say in a maudlin tone, "and that's why you are so anxious to hurry us away. Oh, I'm onto you. George Wilson told me you were hanging round the girl you refused to introduce me to, and for all I know—"

"That's no business of yours," Chester retorted, in a tone of sudden fury. "I've stood this about as long as I'm going to, Masters, even if you are drunk and don't know what you are about. Peterkin, you'd better take your friend home; my house is not a bar-room, and my affairs are my own. I want that understood."

"Look here, Masters," a new voice broke in, "you *are* going too far, and I'm not going to stand for it. Chester's right. When you are full you are the most unreasonable man alive. This is my turnout at the door—come on, or I'll leave you to walk to Springtown."

"Well, I'll go all right," threatened Masters, "but I am not done yet. I'll see you again, my boy. What they used to say in college is true; you won't tote fair. You are for number one every time, and would sacrifice a friend for your own interest at the drop of a hat."

"Take him on, take him on!" cried Chester.

"Oh, I'm going all right!" growled Masters. "And I'm not drunk, either. My judgment of you is soberheaded enough. You—"

They were coming through the hall to gain the door, and Ann quickly concealed herself behind one of the tall Corinthian columns that supported the massive, projecting roof of the veranda. She was standing well in the shadow when Masters, drawn forcibly by his friend, staggered limply out and down the steps. Langdon followed to the edge of the veranda, and stood there, frowning sullenly in the light from the window. He was pale and haggard, his lip quivering in the rage he was trying to control as he watched Peterkin half lifting and almost roughly shoving Masters into the vehicle.

"The puppy!" Ann heard him muttering. "I ought to have slapped his meddlesome mouth."

Several minutes passed. Ann scarcely dared to breathe freely, so close was she to the young planter. Masters was now in the buggy, leaning forward, his head lolling over the dashboard, and Peterkin was getting in beside him. The next moment the impatient horses had turned around and were off down the drive in a brisk trot.

"Yes, I ought to have kicked the meddling devil out and been done with it!" Ann heard Langdon say. "She, no doubt, has heard all the racket and been scared to death all this time, poor little thing!"

Chester was on the point of turning into the hall when a step sounded at the corner of the house nearest the

negro quarter, and a short, portly figure emerged into the light.

"Marse Langdon, you dar?" a voice sounded.

"Yes, Aunt Maria." The young planter spoke with ill-disguised impatience. "What is it?"

"Nothin', Marse Langdon, 'cep' dem rapscallions kept me awake, an' I heard you stormin' out at um. I tol' yo' pa, Marse Langdon, ef dey was any mo' night carouses while he was gone I'd let 'im know, but I ain't gwine mention dis, kase I done see how hard you tried to oust dat low white trash widout a row. You acted de plumb gentleman, Marse Langdon. Is de anything I kin do fer you, Marse Langdon?"

"No, Aunt Maria." Chester's tone betrayed impatience, even with the consideration of the faithful servant. "No, I don't want a thing. I'm going to bed. I've got a headache. If any one should call tonight, which is not likely at this hour, send them away. I sha'n't get up."

Ann was now fearful lest in turning he would discover her presence before the negro had withdrawn, and, seeing her opportunity while his attention was still on the road, from which the trotting of the departing horses came in a steady beat of hoofs, she noiselessly glided into the big hall through the open door and stood against a wall in the darkness.

"Now, I reckon, they will let me alone!" she heard Chester say, as he came into the hall and turned into the parlor. The next instant he had blown out the tall prismed lamp, lowered a window, and come out to close and lock the front door. His hand was on the big brass handle when, in a calm voice, Ann addressed him:

"I want a word with you, Mr. Chester," she said, and she moved towards him, the revolver hanging at her side.

She heard him gasp, and he stood as if paralyzed in the moonbeams which fell through the open door-way and the side-lights of frosted glass.

"Who are you?" he managed to articulate.

"Oh, you know me, I reckon, Mr. Chester. I'm Ann Boyd. I want to see you on a little private business, just between you and me, you know. It needn't go any further."

"Oh, Ann Boyd!" he exclaimed, and the thought ran through his bewildered brain that she had mistaken him for his father, and that he was accidentally running upon evidence of an intercourse between the two that he had thought was a thing of the past. "But, Mrs. Boyd," he said, "you've made a mistake. My father is away; he left for Savannah—"

"I didn't want to see your father," Ann snarled, angrily. "My business is with you, my fine young man, and nobody else."

"Me?" he gasped, in growing surprise. "Me?"

"Yes, you. I've come back for Virginia Hemingway's shawl. She says you kept it. Just between you and me," she went on, "I don't intend to leave a thing like that in the hands of a man of your stamp to hold over the poor girl and intimidate her with."

"You say—you say—" He seemed unable to formulate expression for his abject astonishment, and he left the door and aimlessly moved to the railing of the stairs and stood facing her. His eyes now fell on the revolver in her hand, and the sight of it increased his wondering perturbation.

"I said I wanted her shawl," Ann repeated, firmly, "and I don't see no reason why I should stand here all night to get it. You know what you did with it. Hand it to me!"

"Her shawl?" he muttered, still staring at her wide-eyed and bewildered, and wondering if this might not be some trap the vindictive recluse was setting for him.

"Oh, I see," Ann laughed—"you think the poor, frail thing is still up there locked in that room; but she ain't. I saw her coming this way to-

night, and, happening to know what you wanted her for, I come after her. You was busy with them galoots in the parlor, and I didn't care to bother you, so I went up and fetched her down without waiting to send in a card. She's in her bed by this time, poor little thing! And I come back for the shawl. I wasn't afraid of you, even without this gun that I found in your room. Thank God, the girl's as pure as she was the day she drew milk from her mother's breast, and I'll see to it that you won't never bother her again. This night you have sunk lower than man ever sunk —even them in your own family. You tried everything hell could invent, and when you failed you went to heaven for your bribes. You knew how she loved her wretched old hag of a mammy and what she wanted the money for. Some sensible folks argue that there isn't no such place as a hell. I tell you, Langdon Chester, there *is* one, and it's full to running over—packed to the brink—with your sort. For your own low and selfish gratification you'd consign that beautiful flower of a girl to a long life of misery. You dirty scamp, I'm a good mind to— Look here, get me that shawl! You'll make me mad in a minute." She suddenly advanced towards him, the revolver raised half threateningly, and he shrank back in alarm.

"Don't, don't point that thing at me!" he cried. "I don't want trouble with you."

"Well, you get that shawl then, and be quick about it."

He put a foot on the lower step of the stairs. "It's up at the door of the room," he said, doggedly. "I dropped it there just for a joke. I was only teasing her. I—I know she's a good girl. She—she knew I was going to give it back to her. I was afraid she'd get frightened and run down before those men, and—"

"And your hellish cake would be dough!" Ann sneered. "Oh, I see, but that isn't getting the shawl."

He took another slow step, his eyes upon her face, and paused.

"You are trying to make it out worse than it is," he said, at the end of his resources. "I promised to give her the money, which I had locked in the desk in the library for safe-keeping, and asked her to come get it. She and I were on the steps when those men drove up. I begged her to run up-stairs to that room. I—I locked the door to—to keep them out more than for—for any other reason."

"Oh yes, I know you did, Langdon Chester, and you took her shawl for the same reason and made the poor, helpless, scared thing agree to wait for you. A good scamp pleases me powerful, but you are too good a sample for any use. Get the shawl."

"I don't want to be misunderstood," Chester said, in an all but conciliatory tone, as he took a slow, upward step.

"Well, you bet there's no danger of me not understanding you," Ann sneered. "Get that shawl."

Without another word he groped up the dark steps. Ann heard him walking about on the floor above, striking matches and uttering exclamations of anger. Presently she heard him coming. When half-way down the stairs he paused and threw the shawl at her.

"There it is," he said, sullenly. "Leave my revolver on the steps."

Ann caught the shawl, which, like some winged thing, swooped down through the darkness, and the next instant she had lowered the hammer of the revolver and laid it on the lowest step of the stairs.

"All right, it's an even swap," she chuckled—"your gun for our shawl. Now go to your bed and sleep on this. It's my opinion that, bad as you are, young man, I've done you a favor tonight."

"There's one thing I'll try to find out," he summoned up retaliatory courage to say, "and that is why you are bothering yourself so much about the daughter of a woman you are doing all you can to injure."

Ann laughed from the door as she crossed the threshold, the shawl under her arm. "It will do you good to study on that problem," she said. "You find that out, and I'll pay you well for the answer. I don't know that myself."

From the window of his room above, Langdon watched her as she passed through the gate and disappeared on the lonely road.

"She won't tell it," he decided. "She'll keep quiet, unless it is her plan to hold it over Jane Hemingway. That may be it—and yet if that is so, why didn't she—wait?"

(To be Continued.)

A PEACE PRAYER.

BY CARL HOLLIDAY.

God of the nations, Thou who hast
  In ages past Thy causes won
Through War's all-desolating blast,
  Grant that henceforth Thy will be done
Through Peace and all her gentle arts,
  Through mutual faith and kindly hearts.

God of the nations,—see afar
  Thine ancient world one bloody field!
Behold, a myriad sleeping are,
  Where oft Thy cause to arm appealed!
There is no spot of Earth where Cain
  Hath not bestowed his bloody stain.

God of nations, hear our prayer!
  Thy people for deliverance call.
Unmask the glitter and the glare;
  Teach us the folly of it all.
Then shall we live and know Thy law,
  Its meaning, and obey in awe.

THEOCRITUS.

BY MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

While time dwells on the earth the world's warm hand
Shall reach far out into the dark
To seek thine own Theocritus.
Long as the ardent air remembers to be thrilled
With sweetest sounds, shall ear be bent to catch
Those strains from earlier dawn, so wild and free:
Down the worn centuries has that procession filed
Of shining shapes from days when time was young,
Touched with immortal youth, whose constant flame
The gloom of ages cannot quench.

While this green earth doth hold
A lover of the hills and fields
Or soul most sick of cities' roar and ruck,
Pining for scents and sounds of sweeter air,
So long shall thy fair flocks
Wind leisurely the hill of dreams, thy nightingales
Make moonlit thickets ring,
Sicilian airs float soft enchantment o'er our heads.

We still may hear from distant marsh, as Hercules in other days.
The long-lost Hylas faintly calling, crying,
Imprisoned in his watery home amid the rushes green:
Thyrsis, by wolf bereft, shall ever weep
For playful kid, his darling pet and pride,
While singing herdsmen through the years contend
In melodies each sweeter than the last;
And later loves
Shall laugh at love-lorn Polytheme
Piping to Galatea, and see shake
The rough and hairy sides of Pan, whose little hoofs
Keep frolic step to sylvan dance;
And for all time while love and song work to the heart's undoing
Daphnis to nymphs and shepherds still shall sing
His melting lays, and play the flute
To ravishment of mortal ears,
And still forever will he die of love;
The tuneful Thyrsis daily mourns for him,
While wolf and goat and lowing kine cry out their grief,
And birds and flowers and trees, confounded, go astray.

Oft piercing through the thick and murky air
Of many weary and discordant years,
We hear thy far-off song, Theocritus.
It comes in music of the rills and streams,
The trill of birds, borne on the flying clouds,
In the white sea waves' laughing rush.
The violets' eyes still speak of thee;
The grassy pastures soft are but thy bed,
Haunted of dreams,
The pines thy night song and the hills thy guard.
Nature herself and love and passion wild,
Eternally are thine.

WITH EYES THAT SEE--A COLLEGE STORY.

BY EDITH TATUM.

SILENCE and tobacco smoke filled the big bare room; its four occupants, all in negligé costume, puffed their pipes with lazy enjoyment. Raymond Singleton, whose room it was, sprawled upon the floor, his entire supply of sofa pillows under his head. By constant readjustment Jack Stuart managed to keep an uncertain position on the sofa—a tiny affair not intended for one hundred and sixty pounds of elongated manhood. Fred Hill was as usual in possession of the bed; while Jimmie Talbot—otherwise known as "the baby"—his feet elevated to the mantlepiece, made himself comfortable in Singleton's lounging chair.

"Say," came in a voice from somewhere in the haze, "what the deuce has become of Cliff Miller?"

"Looks like you'd know yourself," growled Stuart, making another effort to keep from landing on the floor.

"Hill ought to keep up with Clif—he rooms with him," put in Jimmie in his high falsetto.

"Just as soon try to keep up with a flea," Hill answered with disgust.

"Well, I can tell you where he is," Stuart's deep voice came rumbling through the smoke. "I'll bet my meerschaum he's gone to meet the four-forty-five."

"The eternal feminine," murmured Singleton sleepily from the floor.

"I never saw such a fellow for petticoats in all my life," said Hill in the same disgusted tone.

"Except Ray, there," added Jimmie, sotto voce. This was greeted with a shout of laughter, Singleton's dislike for girls being proverbial.

"I don't see anything funny," rose lazily from the floor. This produced another deafening burst of merriment, during which Stuart lost his grip and slid to the floor, where he remained, using the sofa for a pillow.

"You fellows think you know it all; you just wait—wait until tonight."

"Break it gently, Ray, don't be too sudden," pleaded Hill, "you surely can't mean you are going to take a girl out to-night!"

"Providence permitting."

"*You* going to take *a girl!*" Hill gasped incredulously; the others were speechless, but three pairs of eyes tried to pierce the smoke for a sight of Singleton's face.

"Who is she, Ray, in the name of Aphrodite?"

"Why, you see, Hill, it was this way; Mrs. Lawrence came to me yesterday and said couldn't I help her out of the middle of a bad fix, or words to that effect. I was 'delighted', of course. She said they had just received a letter from Professor Lawrence's sister saying she would be down to Commencement this afternoon—she wanted her to have a good time—hadn't known she was coming—no engagements, *wouldn't* I take her out to-night?"

"Mrs. Lawrence hasn't been here long or she'd have known better," Hill interrupted.

"I told her I had to be at an S. A. E. meeting so couldn't take her to the lecture, but would take her to the dance. So she is to go to the lecture with them and I'll meet her there.

There simply wasn't any way out of it; Professor Lawrence has been so kind to me this year—helped me out of several tight places."

"Oh, to think of it! Ray, going to *a dance* with *a girl!* Help me, somebody—camphor—the shock has been too much!" and Jimmie, collapsing, fell tragically to the floor; he landed near Stuart's feet and received a stimulating kick.

"Well, anyhow," Hill announced, "if she's as good-loking as the Professor, I for one envy Ray."

" 'I wandered down by the little babbling brook.

Its every ripple speaks of thee' "

sung with little regard to time or tune came floating through the window—

" 'The roses, too, they droop their heads in sympathy with me.' "

"You'll need sympathy if you don't choke that off," growled Hill wrathfully, as the singer entered most unceremoniously by way of the window.

"O, let him alone, boys, it just means that the present occupant of his heart is named Marguerite."

"Talk about pretty girls," cried Clif enthusiastically, ignoring Stuart's remark, "you fellows just ought to have been at the depot; they are rolling in on every train, loads of 'em—such beauties! except one—holy smoke! but she was ugly! Just ought to see her, boys; flaming red hair, freckles and a turned-up nose."

" 'Fraid she won't have much of a time, poor thing," said Jimmie, sympathetically.

"Her folks should have kept her at home," Singleton added.

Then they all chimed in and informed Clif of Singleton's engagement for the dance.

"Good for you, Ray, it's a step in the right direction," and Clif patted him encouragingly on the back.

"I'll tell you, fellows," Jimmie cried suddenly, "the lecture's out at eleven; Ray's coming right on to the dance, let's be at the door in a body and do the lady honor, get introduced and every man ask for a dance!"

"Good for you, Baby!, bright boy!"

II.

Raymond Singleton ran up the steps of the lecture hall two at a time, for he was a little late. The crowd began streaming out as he reached the vestibule; standing a little aside he scanned the faces as they passed him. At last a trio neared him that set his pulse throbbing most uncomfortably. The light was dim, but Professor Lawrence's handsome head towering above those around him, and the tiny figure of his wife clinging to his arm, were unmistakable; the slender girl in white then must be the Professor's sister. Singleton, who had no sisters of his own and knew very little of girls in general, had never felt more awkward nor self-conscious in all his twenty-two years. He had only a vague recollection afterwards of his introduction to the girl in the white gown, and of how he made his way down the crowded stairs and out into the dark street, a small white hand resting lightly on his coat-sleeve. He remembered how he half stammered an apology for his tardiness, and how he came to himself suddenly as one who walks asleep in the dark and awakens in a lighted room; it was such a wonderful voice that answered him; he was peculiarly sensitive to the beautiful in anything, and it vibrated through him to his innermost being.

"O, we thought perhaps your discretion had gotten the better of your valor, Mr. Singleton, and you had run away," she had said teasingly.

"Don't frighten me," he answered, alive to the tips of his fingers, "you aren't so very dangerous, are you?"

"Just wait and see," was her aracular response.

He wished with all his heart that he could see her face; very lovely it must

be, to be in keeping with her voice. He remembered with disgust that the electrical plant had gotten out of fix late that afternoon, and the college campus, through which they must pass, would be in darkness. He wondered at his interest in a girl he had never even heard of a week before; but he was a surprise to himself in many ways to-night. It was hard for him to talk to women, but now his mind was keenly alive and his mood responsive. This girl beside him seemed a key to unlock all his hoarded treasures of thought and feeling; a light to search out the hidden places of his nature. He did not perceive her subtle art in drawing him out, nor how she put him thoroughly at his ease with exquisite tact; he only knew that he had never talked so well before, never been so perfectly in touch with another's mind.

As they neared Langdon Hall, where the dances were held, and saw the crowd of cadets gathered around the door, Singleton had an odd feeling of exhilaration; a certain sense that everyone would envy him. Miss Lawrence laughed with keen enjoyment at the *sotto voce* remarks made by some of the students as they passed through the crowd.

"You must be playing a new role to-night, Mr. Singleton," she said. "I'm sure I ought to feel exceedingly honored?" with a saucy little rising inflection.

"Indeed, no! Miss Lawrence, I am the one honored and I assure you I appreciate the fact most sincerely."

"What a nice little speech! I believe you have served an apprenticeship somewhere, in spite of what I hear."

"No, really—" he was beginning, but broke off abruptly. They had neared the door and caught a glimpse of the fairy-like scene within; the lights, the decorations of purple and gold, flowers, cadets in uniforms, professors in their black evening suits, and a rainbow of beautiful women.

And there just inside, standing in line behind the ushers, Singleton saw Hill, Stuart, Miller and Tolbot. He threw up his head like a spirited colt and a gleam of triumph lit up his eyes; then he marched with stately dignity into the hall. He felt so confident, so sure, that he did not even glance at his companion, but kept his gaze riveted on the faces of his four friends to note the envy and admiration sure to be depicted there. What he saw in reality, was surprise indeed, but of a totally different character from what he expected. Hill's eyes had grown very round and his jaw dropped like a person horribly fascinated; Stuart's habitual frown was at least on inch deep, and he had gotten very red as Miller turned on his heel, his nose considerably elevated, and sauntered away. Jimmie was hopelessly convulsed; all he could do was to try to choke the giggles that were slowly but surely strangling him. Then it was that Singleton heard in the penetrating treble of a youthful freshman—"Say, boys, call up the fire department—there's a conflagration at the door." He turned and looked at the Professor's sister for the first time, and understood. Her hair was the reddest he had ever seen; her nose tilted up impertinently; her face was freckled and her mouth was distinctly large. Two rows of even white teeth gleamed at him from between the reddest of red lips, and a pair of unfathomable green eyes met his gaze. The expression of his face was tragic; he tried to say something, but the first word choked him.

"Oh, don't mind me, Mr. Singleton, I'm used to it," she said with a little laugh that held in it a note of bitterness.

Singleton almost ground his teeth in his chagrin and disappointment, he felt that he had been unfairly treated,

—cheated and deceived by a voice. Then Stuart came to the rescue; he marched up and asked for an introduction, his deep bass a trifle more gruff than usual, and begged Miss Lawrence for two dances.

"Only one, Mr. Stuart, thank you. You know I can't begin by showing partiality. There aren't more than enough to go around as it is," she added, a little mockingly.

Jimmie Talbot, red and perspiring, had followed Stuart's lead and secured a dance, but Hill made his escape.

"Brace up, Ray, it might be worse," Stuart said to Singleton under cover of Jimmie's character; but the words were barely out of his mouth when a senior whispered as he passed them, "Left side of your coat's scorched and your hair's singed, Raymond."

He was gone before Singleton could do more than give him a black look; but his place was taken by two of his classmates, who remarked in turn, "Say, Sing, got any fire insurance?" and "Singleton, you'd better have your eyes examined." Something might have happened then and there if Stuart had not held his friend firmly by the arm and turned him slowly around until they faced Miss Lawrence and Talbot. Singleton controlled his anger with an effort, and made a desperate resolve to do his duty, no matter how unpleasant it might prove.

A moment later there was a commotion at the door, and Stuart, who was watching Miss Lawrence very judicially, saw her grow quite pink, and a troubled look came into her eyes as a group of gentlemen entered. It was the idol of the students—the young Commandant of Cadets—resplendent in the full dress uniform of a lieutenant in the United States Army,—with the Governor and staff and several of the younger professors. They were passing on with friendly nods here and there, when Singleton saw Lieutenant Bertram look in his direction, start and frown, and finally re-trace his steps, followed by the Governor and the whole distinguished train. He barely noticed either Singleton or Stuart, but walked straight up to Miss Lawrence with outstretched hand.

"Miss Elizabeth, this is a surprise! I thought you had decided not to come," he exclaimed.

"But as you see—I changed my mind," she replied, with a light laugh. Then followed introductions, and soon that ridiculed little red head became the center of the most brilliant group in the room.

"No, no! Governor Stafford," Singleton heard her say, "only one time around! And that will be just a half dance apiece."

"But here's the grand march with no name at all," Lieutenant Bertram said eagerly.

"That is reserved by courtesy for my escort." To Singleton's strained sense her voice sounded disdainful.

"And what has become of him, I wonder? Do you know—" here she spoke a trifle louder and with cold distinctness—"I don't believe I would recognize him if I were to see him. Do you happen to be acquainted with Mr. Singleton, Lieutenant Bertram? Yes? Then please bring him to me."

Raymond heard this with something of a shock, and it did much to bring him to a normal state of mind.

"What an infernal brute I have been," he thought. Miss Lawrence received him with cool unconcern when he hastened up to claim her for the march just beginning. He wondered whether or not he should make any kind of apology, but her first remark settled the matter for him.

"Have you entirely recovered, Mr. Singleton?" she said.

"Miss Lawrence, I want to explain

to you my seemingly queer conduct. You see those boys stood there like idiots and stared at me just to guy me and—"

"I accept your—your apology? But don't trouble about an explanation. I saw your face, you know; and really your eyes are quite expressive. Perhaps when you are older you may learn better self-control."

This was too much! Singleton's anger flared up again, in spite of the perfect harmony of her tones.

The march over, Lieutenant Bertram came up and took possession of Miss Lawrence for the first waltz. Singleton leaned against a window seat and watched them. They seemed to be in very earnest conversation and the young commandant's face wore an expression Singleton had never seen there before.

"Did you ever see such an ugly girl, Ray?" asked a voice at his elbow. It was Morris, a friend of his, who had just come in. "But I hear Bertram has been in love with her for some time. She visited at West Point two years ago—took everything up there by storm. Have you met her? I'm going to try for an introduction —see you later." He strolled away, leaving Raymond in a very peculiar frame of mind, which gradually grew worse as the evening wore on and he saw Miss Lawrence the acknowledged belle. He could not get near her; she was surrounded by professors, visitors and everyone worth knowing; while on the outskirts hung students, eager for a word or look.

But all things come to an end at last. As the music of the final waltz died on the air Singleton found his way to her side, to be greeted with a blank stare.

"Mr. Singleton?" she questioned vaguely. "Ah! yes—I remember you now. So you are ready to go. No?— O, am I ready! Why certainly."

On their way home Singleton was conscious of a subtle change in her entire manner. Her sweet friendliness, her *bon comaradrie* was gone; there was no quick response of mood, none of the frank sympathy that had so captivated him earlier in the evening. She seemed determined to keep him shut out entirely, and it hurt him keenly. Here in the dark street he forgot red hair and ugliness and could only realize the beauty and magnetism of her voice. He had never heard a voice like it and it set him dreaming. Before telling her goodnight he tried to make an engagement with her, but found himself too late; she had engagements for everything straight through until the end of Commencement.

He reached home with his spirits below zero, locked himself into his room and let his friends knock in vain.

The next four days were the most miserable Raymond Singleton had ever spent. He was filled with a strange unrest that drove his thoughts ceaselessly night and day; look where he would, in half-unconscious musing or with actual physical gaze, he saw the same piquant freckled face and bright red head; dreaming or waking he heard but one voice—magnetic, elusive, enchanting; everything he turned his head he heard but one theme discussed — the ugly, fascinating Miss Lawrence. He grew quite desperate and longed for the time when he could go home and try to forget. Commencement was to close Wednesday night with a grand ball; Singleton resolved to leave the day after and at least end the misery of seeing her, cold and indifferent as she was to him.

Sunday on his way to church he passed her—surrounded as usual with a numerous train. The Commandant of Cadets held a frilly white parasol over her distracting little head; the assistant professor of mathematics carried her prayer-book; Lockwood,

captain of the foot-ball team, had her fan, and—surely his eyes deceived him!— Stuart with a great bunch of white roses! His "Good morning, Miss Lawrence," elicited but the gayest little nod, and a cool stare from a pair of deep green eyes.

Singleton added a petition to his litany that morning—"From red-headed women, good Lord deliver me."

However, he called on her that afternoon and twice afterwards, finding the room crowded every time.

"Oh, I say Raymond," remarked Stuart, sauntering into Singleton's room Wednesday morning, "I want to talk to you."

"Make yourself comfortable and fire away."

Stuart took the big chair and began to fill his pipe. "It's about Miss Lawrence, you know," he said with some hesitation.

"No, thank you," Raymond's voice was hard and cold, "I have heard enough on that subject; select some other, please."

"But there isn't anything else I want to talk about."

"Ah! so you are a victim to the red hair and green eyes, too, are you?" with intense sarcasm.

"'Too'—what do you mean? Do you acknowledge—"

"Acknowledge, the devil!" Singleton sprang to his feet and began pacing the floor angrily, "I mean Bertram, Lockwood, Deane and the Lord knows who, that hang around her morning, noon and night, so nobody can get a chance to speak a word to her!"

"Ray, you haven't been yourself lately;" said Stuart, breaking the stormy silence which followed, "if you would have it all out with me perhaps I could help—"

"Thanks, no; you are mistaken, Stuart, I simply made a beastly fool of myself the other night at the dance and must suffer for it—that is all. Now talk of something else."

"Well, I want to tell you, anyhow," said Stuart, rising slowly to his feet, "she has passed them all by for me. I am going to take her to the ball tonight and I know that it is only because—"

"I wish you joy," Raymond's tone was bitter, "you are not usually conceited." Stuart's face grew red and he left the room without another word.

III.

Elizabeth Lawrence looked at the reflection in her mirror with a smile that showed her even white teeth. "I am a little less hideous this evening, than usual," she thought, "green is certainly my color, only my eyes will persist in looking green, too."

As she looked, the reflected face grew grave and the eyes dark and troubled, like the sea on a stormy day. "I wonder if he—I believe, I really believe he does, and I—" her thoughts grew confused and the color deepened in her cheeks. She seemed to be looking through the glass and on beyond into space.

"No, no, Elizabeth," she said at last reprovingly, "he is much too beautiful and he thinks you are ugly."

"Elizabeth, are you dressed? May I come in?" and without waiting for an answer Mrs. Lawrence opened the door and entered, her arms full of boxes.

"Just see the flowers your many admirers have sent you. Come, hurry and open them,—I'm simply wild to see them."

She put them down on the table and watched Elizabeth untie them.

"American beauties! how ridiculous! of course you can't wear them —who sent them "

"Mr. Lockwood, the foot-ball man —and here are pink carnations from Prof. Hazleton, they are just as bad. Here are Lieutenant Bertram's white carnations; he always sends them, you know."

"Oh, what exquisite roses!" cried Mrs. Lawrence as a new box was opened. "Elizabeth, you must carry these—they are beautiful bride buds. Who sent them?"

Elizabeth had grown very pink and bent over the roses to hide her face. Then without replying she began to hastily untie another box. "These Mareschal Neil roses are from Mr. Stuart," she said; "here, Lucy, you may have them all for the table—except the brides; they are so sweet I'll just put them in a jar here in my room."

Elizabeth had—as usual—a very gay time at the Commencement ball, and she was—also as usual—the center of attraction. Naturally light-hearted and fond of dancing, she would have been very happy indeed, but for one drawback. Dancing, sitting at rest in a secluded window seat, or talking merrily to those around her—turn where she would, she was always conscious of a pair of melancholy brown eyes following her; and whenever she raised her lashes she could see leaning against the wall in the shadow of a dark portiere, a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow with a serious dark face—silent and motionless, like a spectre at a feast. At last she could stand it no longer.

"Mr. Stuart, will you please go bring Mr. Singleton to me?" she said suddenly in the middle of a dance, "you won't mind if we don't finish this dance, I am sure." If Stuart felt any surprise he did not show it."

"Raymond," he said when he came up to where Singleton was standing, "Miss Lawrence wants you."

"There must be some mistake, Miss Lawrence could not possibly want me."

"But she sent me for you," cried Stuart impatiently, "Don't be an idiot; come on." And Ray went with him, walking like a man in a dream.

Elizabeth greeted him with bewitching smiles, and then with that subtle power she exercised over the minds of others, made him feel that he had entered the charmed circle again.

"Are you not dancing this evening, Mr. Singleton? The music is divine."

"I would be, but—" he hesitated, "If you could just spare me a little piece of somebody's dance—Stuart here would be generous, I know."

"'A little piece?' How very modest you are!" She paused a minute, then said softly, "I have saved you a whole dance—the last waltz."

Raymond looked up quickly in some surprise; then it was that he saw, half buried in the waving masses of her hair, a bride rose. His sombre eyes became suddenly alight and a smile of singular sweetness brightened the dark beauty of his face. Elizabeth saw the smile and understood its cause, and straightway began to repent her of a certain resolution but lately made. But she hardened her heart, all the while crying shame upon her vanity, and during that last waltz was the incarnation of teasing, tantalizing sweetness, coquetry and mischief. She dragged Raymond recklessly through a dozen moods, finally leaving him in doubt which was the real Elizabeth—hopelessly at sea as to her feelings toward himself, and more completely in love with her than ever.

The next few days emptied the little town of its throng of visitors—its several hundred students and some of the professors. Elizabeth was to spend the summer with her brother's family, and Raymond found it impossible to leave the sunshine of her presence. In less than a week everything had settled down to its usual summer monotony. After Lieutenant Bertram's departure, Raymond had Miss Lawrence practically to himself and was supremely happy. They rode together, read together, took long country rambles, quarreled and made up—for this winsome lady of his love

was a veritable April day—and all the while grew nearer together in that sweet, frank intimacy so often a prelude to something closer still.

Raymond made one great mistake—common to reserved, shy natures—he did not make love to her; he feared to break the charm of those bright summer days. But one day—they were riding horseback in the dewy freshness of the morning—he asked her to marry him; asked her in the somewhat abrupt manner peculiar to him when under great stress of feeling, and he was very gently but decidedly refused. The remainder of the ride his agony was too great for speech, and Elizabeth saw the world through a mist of tears.

He shut himself into his room for the rest of that day and tried to piece the broken threads. Among other things he decided to go home the next day, but one—one more long walk into the sweet green woods with Elizabeth, he must have—one last farewell.

IV.

Into the cool deep of the woods Elizabeth and Singleton had come for their last walk. Here by a little stream, under the fragrant pines was Elizabeth's favorite retreat. She had seated herself on the carpet of last year's needles and thrown her hat on the ground beside her; the sunshine filtered through the overhanging boughs and turned her hair into a crown of burning red-gold. Chin in hand and elbow resting on her knee, she sat absorbed in reverie. Raymond, stretched full length near her, watched her with yearning eyes.

"I wonder if I am not foolish to let this best gift of life slip from me, and for what?" ran the girl's thoughts. "For a vain whim—nothing more. Fie, Elizabeth, shame on you to spoil two lives just because you demand incense burned at your altar!"

Here her meditations were interrupted by Raymond saying something in a vehement tone, full of emotion.

"I beg your pardon?" she said, "but I did not quite understand you."

"Oh, Elizabeth, I said how very beautiful you are!"

Her eyes opened wide and she regarded him gravely, inquiringly. His face was earnest, innocent—beautiful in its expression of worshipful admiration. She turned her head quite away until only one pink ear was visible—she was blushing and red was not becoming.

"Don't turn your eyes away, Elizabeth—I love them; they are like the still, clear pools one finds down in the heart of the forest,—and sometimes they are like the sea where it is very deep—Oh, you needn't laugh, dear!"

Elizabeth, her eyes full of tears, had laughed, shyly, enchantingly. "I am going to tell you everything I think—make fun of it if you will—I may never see you again, and I am going to take that poor consolation—to tell you how I love you and how beautiful you are!"

"Love is blind, you know," she murmured.

"Love blind! It is love that has made me see! Your hair—it catches and holds all the sunbeams and all the light from everywhere; your mouth is the tenderest, the sweetest mouth that ever was; your dear little saucy nose is simply bewitching; and your voice—it is the spirit of music! I love you, I love you—you beautiful—and to give you up!"

Raymond buried his face in his folded arms. During the silence that followed, Elizabeth sat indefatigably plaiting and unplaiting pine needles with slender, trembling fingers.

"There is something you forgot!" her voice was full of mingled laughter and tears.

Raymond looked up suddenly.

"What is it?" he asked, puzzled.

"The freckles!"

"The freckles—Oh, they are all right," he answered earnestly, "they bring out the exquisite whiteness of your skin by contrast. I would love to kiss them every one," he added daringly. Then, afraid he had offended her, he went on hastily—"That first night I met you, your voice completely enthralled me—my whole being responded to you like a violin in the hands of a master. I was not deaf—I heard you; I was not dumb nor deaf—I felt your magnetism; but when I saw you—I was blind! Elizabeth—dearest! can you forgive me "

"I forgave you long ago—but it did hurt so-" She spoke very softly, but Raymond heard every word—and every word stung—"In that little while I liked you; but long ago I made up my mind that the man I liked best should look at me with eyes that saw only beauty. That night when I saw your face—it was such a disappointment! It was in your face how hideous you thought me." Her mouth quivered like a child's who has been scolded for something it could not help, and she kept her eyes upon the pine straw in her lap. Raymond's head went down on his arms again.

"But I'm sorry I got angry and tried to punish you," she added penitently.

"Never mind, I deserved it every bit," he said, his face still hidden, "and you have been so dear—so sweet since then. Oh, to think of having to say good-bye to you forever!" There was silence for a long time—then Raymond felt a gentle, caressing touch on his bowed head; and a voice that sounded in his ears like the music of heaven said—"Need you leave me, Raymond?"

He sat up quickly, imprisoning her hand in both his own.

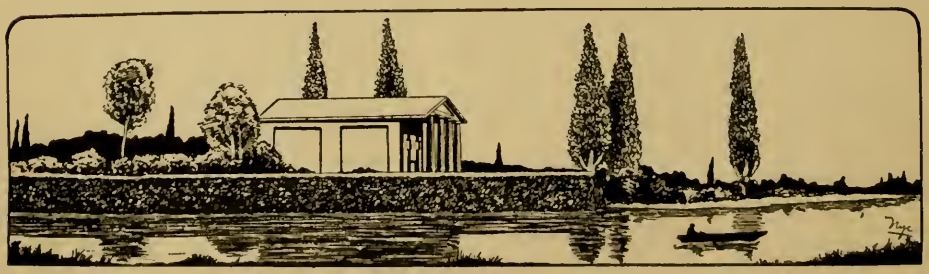
"Darling! do you mean it?" He tried to look into her eyes, but she would not let him.

"Don't tantalize me, sweetheart," he implored, "do you—can you love me?"

There was no answer—the red head bent lower.

"Elizabeth, will you marry me? Do you love me?"

Her eyes—green and dark, exquisite with the intensity of her emotion—met his shyly. "Yes, dear," was what she said.



My Little Sweetheart of the Long Ago. That Girl in the Bonnet of Blue.

BY JOEL B. FORT.

The years have flown, and styles have changed;
With hats of delicate hue,
And sil-ken tresses, with taste arranged;
But where is the bonnet of blue?

Her cheeks were fair, with roses set there,
And her heart beat warm and true;
With a magic tread, and a queenly air;
My Girl in the bonnet of blue.

We met at the spring, neath the broad Beech tree,
'Twas a meeting, and greeting too,
For the world didn't know, and the world couldn't see,
What met in the bonnet of blue.

Oh! Memory come from your treasured main,
Come kindle the pleasure again anew,
Let me clasp in my arms, let me fondle again
That Girl in the bonnet of blue.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON.

BY THOS. E. WATSON.

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Chapter X.

T midnight on the 30th of September, Buchanan's Station, only four miles south of Nashville, was attacked by a party of about seven hundred Indians, composed partly of Shawnees, and partly of Creeks and Cherokees.

"In this fort the families of some twenty-five of the settlers had taken refuge, but it was manned at the time by only fifteen riflemen, and its four block-houses seemed poorly able to resist so overwhelming a force of assailants. But among its defenders were the scout, Castleman, and others of equal skill and bravery. The first alarm was given by the frightened cattle, which rushed wildly past the fort on the approach of the savages. The night was very dark, and, not to waste their powder, the garrison withheld their fire till the Indians were within ten paces of the buildings. Then a simultaneous discharge burst from the fort, and was replied to by a heavy and constant fire, which the savages kept up for an hour, never falling back to a greater distance, though one unbroken sheet of flame streamed from the port-holes and mowed them down by dozens.

"The Indians had supposed the fort weakly defended, but were soon convinced that it was crowded with riflemen. Every second minute a hat would appear at a port-hole as if to fire, and an Indian would lodge a bullet in its crown, but in another minute another hat would appear at the same port-hole and still the constant fire of the fort would go on without a moment's flagging. This constant fire, and showing of hats, was subsequently explained. More than thirty women were in the fort and a still larger number children. There were also three of four rifles to each of the garrison. These the women loaded and handed with great rapidity up to the men, who also were re-enforced by Mrs. Buchanan, and several other women, who fired from the port-holes like male defenders. The 'show of hats'—which, from this circumstance, has become a national phrase—was made by the children displaying all the head-gear in the fort at the port-holes not manned by the garrison.

"On several occasions the Indians attempted to set fire to the lower logs of the station, but every savage that ventured upon the rash act met a bullet from one of the bastions. At last a young brave, more bold than the rest, climbed to one of the roofs with a lighted torch in his hand, to fire a block-house. A well directed shot brought him instantly to the ground underneath one of the port-holes. As he lay there, mortally wounded, and his life blood fast flowing away, he applied his still burning brand to one of the lower logs, and, with his hard-returning breath, tried to fan it into a blaze to ignite the building. Suddenly his head fell back, the torch dropped from his hand, and was extinguished in a pool of his own blood, but with his latest breath he urged on his followers. He was a young brave of the Running Water town of the Chicamaugas, named Chia-chatt-alla.

"Inspired by the desperate courage of this young brave, a score of savages now rushed forward with lighted brands to fire the fort; but every one was shot down before he had ignited the lower logs of the building. Then the savage fire grew fiercer, and it became certain death for one of the garrison to appear for an instant at any of the port-holes, the fire being mainly directed at those openings. From the space of the circumference of a foot, in the roof above the port-hole in the over-jutting, whence had proceeded the shots that killed the savages who had attempted to approach the walls, thirty Indian bullets were on the following day extracted.

"Thus the conflict continued for an hour, when the solitary swivel at the Nashville fort shouted through the woods that rescue was coming. The Indians heard it, and knew that it meant that Robertson and his minute men would be upon them by daybreak. Suddenly their fire slackened, and they drew off from the fort, bearing away as was their custom, their dead and wounded, except such as lay dangerously near to the walls of the station. As they passed out of rifle-range, Captain Raines and five of his men rapidly approached the fort on horseback. He had heard the firing at his station two miles away and waiting

for no re-enforcements, had hastened to the rescue with only the few who were with him at the moment. Soon others came in from Nashville and the nearby stations, and then the garrison ventured out and examined the ground around the buildings. Everywhere among the trodden bushes were trails showing where the dead had been dragged away, and scattered here and there were numerous pools of blood, where numbers had fallen, for, packed together as they were, the Indians had been a broad mark for the settlers' rifles. The slaughter had been terrible. Numbers of the wounded died on the retreat, and were buried in the forest, where their graves were subsequently discovered by the white people.

"The leader of the attacking force, a Shawnee chief, was killed by the first fire of the garrison, as was also the White-Man-Killer, a brother of the noted Dragging Canoe, formerly head chief of the Chickamaugas. Other prominent chiefs of the Creeks and Cherokees fell during the action, and John Watts, the principal chief of the 'lower towns' and the ablest man now among the Cherokees, was so desperately wounded that he besought his warriors to end his sufferings by decapitation. Not one among the garrison was so much as wounded. And this successful defense against so overwhelming a force, was made by fifteen men and thirty women, battling behind weak walls for their own lives, and those of their children. Is it not true that we need to look no further than our own annals to find examples of the most exalted heroism?"

The foregoing extract is made from "The Advance-Guard of Western Civilization," by James R. Gilmore.

The author adds the following note in the appendix of his book:

"My grandfather was in this fight, and he has frequently told me that Mrs. Sally Buchanan molded bullets on that occasion until after midnight, and at the break of day on the following morning gave birth to a son. That son—Moses Buchanan—died only last year in Franklin, Tennessee."

In the preface to his most interesting work, "The Winning of the West", Mr. Roosevelt utterly rejects Gilmore as an authority, but this condemnation is perhaps too sweeping. The story of the fight at Buchanan Station was related to Gilmore by his grandfather, and must be substantially correct. If those who took part in frontier battles are not competent witnesses, how are we going to know what happened?

While the number of the attacking party of Indians is doubtless exaggerated, and the recklessness with which they are said to have exposed themselves to the fire from the fort does not correspond at all with customary Indian tactics, still there can be no reasonable doubt that a large band of warriors swooped down upon the station, thinking to find an easy prey; and that

they were beaten off, with heavy loss, by a mere handful of brave men and heroic women.

The extract is valuable because of the glimpse it gives of life on the frontier. The men *had to* fight, the women had to fight, the children had to fight. In no other way could the encroaching whites hold the land from which the Indians were being driven. Men tried in this ordeal of constant peril either perished or came forth with the same fullness of dominant, unconquerable manhood which made the Vikings the terror of the world.

Give an army of such men to a natural fighter like Andrew Jackson,—and where was the army that could whip it? The whole world might have been searched in vain for the match, man to man, of the riflemen who were led to conquest by John Coffee, William Carroll, John Sevier, William Robertson, and Andrew Jackson. In the kind of fighting to which they were they were invincible.

The quality of his troops and the number, as well as the quality of his enemy must be taken into consideration when we would measure the greatness of Jackson as a soldier. We should also have in mind, as a standard of comparison, the exploits of such other frontier leaders as George Rogers Clark, William Henry Harrison, Andrew Lewis, John Floyd and John Sevier.

There is another thing which ought to be taken into consideration in weighing the relative merits of Jackson as an Indian fighter: he had the constant help of more Indians than any other man who ever fought Indians. Not only did friendly Indian scouts keep him constantly informed of the movements of the hostile bands, but he generally had so many of the friendly warriors in his army that they constituted about one-third of his force. It was his luck to begin war upon the Creeks at a time when the tribe was not only at bitter enmity with several other tribes, but when the Creek nation was divided against itself, Col. Benjamin Hawkins, the agent of the United States resident among the Creeks, was able to hold at least one-half of the nation to the policy of peace, and many of the Creek warriors fought with Jackson against their brethren.

The following letter, for which I am indebted to my friend, Hon. J. E. D. Shipp, of Americus, Georgia, proves how much importance Jackson attached to this policy of hiring the Indians to fight the Indians:

SATURDAY, Aug. 27, 1814.
On Road to Mt. Vernon, Ala.

Dear General:—The enclosed will show you that we may count pretty well on our Choctaws.

They say they are prepared to fight our red enemies. I have never asked them to fight the whites; when they have joined the army, they will fight alongside of your soldiers against *white* or *red* forces. Of this I have no doubt.

Last evening I sent Capt. Dinkins, of the 3rd, who expressed a wish to be with us if the soldiers should be called out, and as cordiality on such an ocasion will be important, I wish heartily he may be sent for to conduct them, and I have ever since I

knew him had a sincere friendship for him and I believe it is reciprocated. He is young, athletic, brave and enterprising.

Respectfully and sincerely,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN MCKEE.

P. S.—*Money. Money.*

To Maj. Gen. Jackson."

When it is remembered that the Choctaws and Cherokees also joined in with the troops of Georgia and Tennessee to fight the hostile parties of the Creek tribe, it will be seen how helpless were the odds against them.

Still another fact should be borne in mind in estimating the amount of credit to be awarded to Andrew Jackson and other heroes of Indian wars. The red men had no commissariat or means of organizing one. When a war-party was out, a certain number had to be detailed to make deer drives, etc., to get the provisions for the rest. Indians had no supply trains, no wagons following with food for the warrior, no droves of beef cattle kept within easy reach; consequently, it was simply impossible for a large number of warriors to remain in the field any length of time. They had nothing to eat. Necessity compelled them to break up into small bands. And without any certainty as to food supply, military operations of a systematic sort were out of the question. This controlling fact accounts for the irregularity of all Indian warfare. They bunched together to strike a sudden blow, and then, whether beaten or victorious, they had to break up, scattering to keep from starving.

Poor creatures! What chance did they have to win the fight and keep their homes? None at all. Few of them had guns; even these were inferior; their supply of powder and balls was scant; they had no commissary; they were divided among themselves; three armies of the whites were about to take the field against them; each of these three armies was larger than any force which they could bring together; their own plans were being betrayed by their own brethren; and when they marched to battle they were met in the death-struggle by half their own tribe and by heavy contingents from the Choctaws and Cherokees. It was pitiful.

Gen. Caliborne, of Mississippi, was in the field with an army; Gen. Floyd came across the Chattahoochee from Georgia with an army; and Gen. Jackson led so many Tennesseeans and friendly Indians that his biggest difficulty during the whole Creek War was the feeding of his men.

The hostile Indians, it would seem, never did muster more than a thousand warriors for any one battle, while Jackson's army alone—not counting friendly Indians—ranged from two to five thousand.

In fact, Jackson's triumph over the Creeks does not rank as a military exploit much above the Manila Bay affair in which Dewey knocked over those poor old Spanish tubs.

The Creek War began with what is called the Massacre of Fort Mims. It was given the bad name of Massacre because the Indians gained what would have been for white men "a famous victory." Even when the Sioux whipped Gen. Custer on the open plains, we felt it necessary to call the battle a massacre; but when white men, in the Philippines climbed to the top of Mt. Dajo, rested their rifles on the rim of the crater, and from the safe shelter of this natural parapet fired down upon the natives huddled in the pit below, the butchery of the men and women and the children which followed was hailed by us as a glorious feat of arms, and our impulsive President sent a message of congratulation to the victors. "The honor of the Flag" had been sustained, and the slaughter of women and children was excused upon grounds which probably created much merriment in hell.

Why did the Indians attack Fort Mims? It is the same old story of all the Indian wars. When the natives of any land on earth are being crowded out, need we bother about the details which lead up to the inevitable clash? The invaders are ever the aggressive, and it resolves itself into the question as to whether one people have the right to dispossess another. As we were the invaders, and are now in peaceable possession, we might afford to be honest enough to admit that we ourselves provoked the Indian wars. Whether the end justified the means is another question.

When the Revolutionary War was in progress and the British Ministry proposed to make use of the Indians against the Americans, it gave a shock to the high-minded Earl of Chatham (the elder Pitt), just as it gave a shock to Abraham Lincoln when Benj. Butler, of Massachusetts, first suggested that the negroes be used in the Civil War against their former masters. The great English statesman and orator flamed out into an impassioned appeal to the House of Lords *not to do the thing.* With words that burn, with a hot indignation that even now makes the pulse leap, Lord Chatham implored the lay peers to condemn the unnatural and barbarous proposition of the Ministry. He called upon the peers spiritual, the Bishops, "to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges to interpose the 'purity of their ermine to save us from this pollution.'"

With a voice like the note of a bugle, the grand old man appealed to the Lords to save England from the disgrace of hiring red savages to make war upon England's own children in America. In the entire range of the world's literature there is not a specimen of impromptu eloquence that takes a loftier, nobler flight than this three-minute speech of the elder Pitt. In my own copy, the compiler adds a dry note which speaks volumes: *"This speech had no effect."*

Not a lay lord, not a Judge, not a Bishop lifted a finger, and the immortality of honor for having made the protest against Ministerial infamy remained the undivided glory of Chatham.

So it happened that when the War of 1812 begun, the British fell into their old habit of stirring the red men of the woods to

wage war upon the white men of the settlements. Money, whiskey, cheap finery, the prospect of revenge, were used to the best advantage by British agents; and it required but little urging to fan the flames that constantly smouldering heap of border irritation.

The celebrated Indian, Tecumseh, had for some years been at work on a plan which aimed at binding the various tribes into a Confederacy, taking away from the chiefs the authority to sell tribal land, and thus by regulating sales of territory belonging to all the red men removing one of the causes of trouble. So far as can now be learned, Tecumseh's plan was highly patriotic, and not at all antagonistic to law-abiding whites. Too often it had been the case that designing white men, hungry for Indian land, had played a few drunken or venal chiefs against the whole nation. In this way, "treaties" had been obtained, in which a handful of red men, tempted by trifling gifts or debauched on mean whiskey, had yielded to the whites vast hunting grounds absolutely necessary to the subsistence of the tribe. Such abuses bore with terrible hardship upon the victims, and when the whites sought to take the possession of these lands, the Indians did not always vacate without a bloody contest.

Tecumseh was the last of the Indians who rose to the dignity of a statesman. He had a general plan, embracing the entire Indian race, and if the War of 1812 had not come to check his work, divert his course and take his life, it is possible that the Indian Question might have been settled by the earlier setting apart of some larger Indian Territory, with a "Dawes Act" passed nearly a hundred years ago at the instance of Tecumseh, instead of being enacted, in our own day, through the influence of "Bright Eyes"—the beautiful and intellectual Indian wife of Hon. Thomas H. Tibbles.

The events leading up to the Massacre of Fort Mims were closely and logically connected. Tecumseh had come down from his home in the North-west to visit the Creeks of Alabama in 1811; and in the following year the Creeks sent a mission of half a dozen warriors into the North-west. The "talk" which Little Warrior and his brother messengers were sent to carry was duly delivered to the Chickasaws, and the delegation should then have gone back to Alabama. Instead of this, the Little Warrior and his band joined Tecumseh at Malden and took part in bloody work on the River Raison. On their return home Little Warrior and his band came upon a small settlement of the whites near the mouth of the Ohio, and wiped it out in a senseless, brutal, indiscriminate massacre. From his own point of view, Little Warrior had done a deed to be proud of; and the remainder of his journey homeward was full of noisy boasting. The whites naturally clamored for the punishment of the murderers. Benjamin Hawkins, the United States Agent to the Indians, put a formal demand on the chiefs to that effect, and the chiefs honored it at once. Every member of the Little Warrior band was condemned, executioners were set upon them, and within a few days the last one of the assassins had been

tomahawked or shot. Then "hell broke loose" in the Creek nation. Furiously resenting the action of the chiefs in yielding to the demands of the whites, the younger warriors sprang to arms, the chiefs fled for their lives, and the war-whoop rang through the vast forests of Alabama.

The great need of the Indians was guns and ammunition. They were badly supplied with the former; of the latter they had almost none. But there was Pensacola and the friendly Spaniards—to Pensacola they would go for ammunition. Accordingly, a band of warriors was chosen, several hundred dollars were collected, and the expedition set out for Pensacola. The Spanish Governor dared not refuse the demand of these three hundred desperate Indians; and besides, they presented to him a letter which had been found upon the body of the Little Warrior. This letter was written by a British officer at Malden to the Spanish officials at Pensacola. Partly from fear of the Indians, and partly because of this letter, the Spanish Governor gave the Creeks a small supply of guns, powder and ball.

News of the expedition to Pensacola spread. To the whites it seemed a matter of self-preservation to attack the band of Creeks on its return trip and to capture the ammunition. The white settlers in the country above Mobile hastily got together and, under the lead of two Creek half-breeds, Dixon Bailey and Daniel Beasley, made the attempt to cut off the Pensacola party as it passed through on its way homeward. The attack was made at a place known as Burnt Corn. At first, the Indians broke and the whites captured the pack-mules carrying the powder; but Peter McQueen, leader of the Indian band, rallied his men, put the whites to rout, and re-captured the mules.

Throughout the length and breadth of the Alabama country, a panic of the white settlers ensued. Farms were abandoned, homes were deserted and every man, woman and child fled for dear life to the forts. In a short while these scattered stations, which were made up of block-houses enclosed in palisades, were packed full of refugees. Wild with rage and success, the hostile Creeks ravaged the country setting fire to everything that would burn and slaughtering every white person that came within reach. Fort Mims was one of these stockade forts, and like all the others, it was soon crammed with its crowd of refugees. Over five hundred human beings, mostly whites, had fled into this little pen; and among these were two men who brought death upon the others.

Dixon Bailey and Daniel Beasley, after their failure at Burnt Corn, had thrown themselves into Fort Mims; and, therefore, the vengeful Creeks had a special reason for marking Fort Mims for destruction. Strange to say, it does not appear to have occurred to the defenders of the Fort that the presence of Bailey and Beasley gave them particular cause to be watchful and ready. The general state of the country was enough to put a soldier of common prudence on notice that the gates of the Fort ought, at least, to be in a condition to be easily shut. Even a careless garrison would have gone through the form of posting pickets and

sending out an occasional scout. But at Fort Mims they did not even come up to the measure of ordinary carelessness, much less that of common prudence. They allowed the big gate to stand open until the rains washed the sand against it, so that it required time and labor to shut the gate. They posted no pickets and they sent out no scouts. And when their negro cow-driver came running from the woods into the fort crying *"Indians! Indians!"*—they whipped the negro. True, they had sent out a party at the first alarm to look for the enemy; but inasmuch as this party saw no Indians, they voted the negro a liar, took no extra precautions and let the gate stand as it was, with a sand-drift caked against it. And when the troublesome cow-driver again came running in, crying *"Indians!. Indians!"* patience ceased to be a virtue, and the negro was whipped for giving a false alarm. The next time the negro saw Indians in the woods, he had better sense than to run into Fort Mims. He saw Indians in the woods again the very next day after he was flogged, and he ran as fast as on the day before, but he ran to Fort Pierce, two miles away.

At noon, on a broiling day of August, 1812, the drums beat for dinner in Fort Mims. Five hundred white men and women and children heard the ever welcome summons; and throughout the paled-in enclosure where they had huddled for protection went up those familiar and cheerful sounds that are heard when tired and hungry people prepare for the feast. But, alas! they were to eat no dinner that day, nor any other day whatsoever. The drums called to dinner, but the war-whoop which came pealing with its blood-curdling ferocity from the woods close by announced another feast,—the feast of Death.

God! What a scene of horror it must have been as those ten hundred painted savages came bursting from the underbrush, *on a dead run for the open gate!* What a sickening sense of their reckless folly must have weighed them down! *To the gate! To the gate! Shut the gate! For life and that which is dearer than life, shut the gate!*

Oh, how desperately the white leader, Beasley, runs to the gate, tugs at it, struggling to lift it clear of the sand-drift that holds it fast. *Too late*! Even as he pulls and lifts at the gate, the Indians are upon him. He is beaten down, wounded unto death, crawls behind the gate, and dies.

Through the opening streams the yelling savage horde, and the outer enclosure of the Fort is lost. With musket and tomahawk and scalping knife they kill as they go. But there is the inner entrance of the Fort, and the whites flee to this. Through the holes in the line of pickets they can shoot down the enemy in the outer enclosure. They can also break their way through the roofs of the buildings of the inner part of the Fort, and enfilade the savages below. This is bravely done. After the first panic, the defenders of the Fort rise to the crisis. The men die fighting. Even the boys and women fight, and die fighting. For three hours they hold the Fort. They have lost many lives, but they have strewed the ground with dead Indians. About three o'clock

in the afternoon the red men draw off, tired of the bloody task; but Weatherford comes from the forest, inspires them with fresh vigor, leads them in person to the attack, sets fire to the buildings, and soon the whole Fort is theirs. Then comes a "slaughter grim and great."

The victory at Fort Mims was abused by the deliriously excited Indians, just as victory after a hard fight is almost always abused; but the battle itself was a fair fight, so far as I can see. The Indians lost almost as many as the whites,—so many, indeed, that they could not muster the energy to follow their custom of burying all their dead. Of the people within the Fort, all the women and children perished; some fifteen white men broke through and escaped; the negroes were carried off to become slaves to the Indians.

YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM J. HANNA.

It was coming and he rejoiced. Large posters all over the little town announced that the Vere De Vere Opera Company would arrive the following week and produce sundry Grand Operas in the Theatre Royal.

When the news was first promulgated he couldn't believe it, and when visual proof offered in the shape of flaring printed announcements he was in a pleasing fever of excitement.

That magic word OPERA signified to this particular youth the unattainable and the splendid. As the newspapers from the East told him,—wondrous music, sublime song, weird enchantment and lovely, beautiful women were synonymous with it, and yet—here was opera in Edenvill.

The boy was one of those sturdy farmers' sons who had to quit school when twelve years old and lend a hand on the paternal acres. Despite his meagre schooling, he was, however, advanced for his twenty years. He had an inquiring and reflective intelligence and knew more solid good than is taught in many colleges. He had read and believed that music was the highest form of expression, transcending painting, sculpture and literature. Spencer's definition of music as "the idealization of the natural language of emotion" charmed him. Of a deeply sensitive nature it enthralled him. In the solitude of the woods and fields he would sing with exultant fervor, filled with some otherwise inexpressible joy. When the trees whispered and sang to each other, when the grasses waved and the clouds sailed by and the birds warbled and called and the river murmured low, he felt the need of some mighty harmony to express it all and his being longed for a gentle inundation. And now the healing waves had come. Opera was here.

The first night found him seated in the front row of the parquet. The overture commenced and he drank it

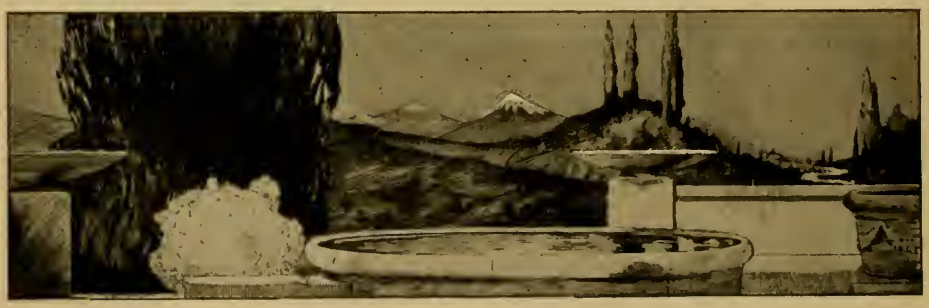
in with eager ears. He closed his eyes and was translated to another clime. The sky was azure blue, an illimitable sea of green stretched before him, fiery bronze sand was everywhere, the houses fantastic, the men dressed queerly and the women gentle, langorous, and beautiful. Palm trees slowly swayed in a mild breeze, subtle incense was in the air and chiming bells called to prayer. He lived "with jocund spirit in a golden land." Another transition; dissolving views; the curtain rolls upward and the first act has begun. A young girl advanced and commenced to sing. Ah, yes! this was opera. He sat entranced, scarcely breathing, eyes riveted on her face. Low and soft she commenced and then, like a startled bird shooting Heavenward, her voice soared, prodigal of volume, clear, ravishingly sweet; exulting riotously in a very Paradise of sound, he was no longer clay; matter fled and spirit was supreme. And then the bird returned to earth; in ever circling gradations it fell, fell, fell and was no more.

His eyes were filled with tears and his mind with visions of surpassing beauty. Those airy, volatilic passages, those gentle and suppliant notes, the marvelous trills and bursts of melody, were not music. No! it was a human soul, spendthrift of sweet sound, leaping and mounting to the heights.

And then the singer filled his eyes. Sweet faced, gentleness itself; rare incarnate beauty. Lustrous eyes, white tapering hands, chestnut hair coiled high, melting lines of Maidenhood. Ah! this was living to hear and to behold. He saw nothing and heard nothing, but her.

On the way homeward he seemed to tread the air. The silver radiance of the moon was never so bright and beautiful. Trees bowed to him, flowers nodded greeting, and all the nocturnal sounds of nature were coined into song. He went every night in the week at great sacrifice, and the last drop of the curtain left him disconsolate.

Strange thoughts disturbed his young mind. If he could see her only for a moment, "far from the madding crowd," to press her hand, maybe to press it to his lips, to hear her speak to him, and, oh, wild, delirious dream, perchance to sit with her for a moment, somewhere, anywhere, and gaze into those eyes. But no, it could not be. Those joys were not for him. He would go home; he would retire and dream of her. And some day when he was rich and famous he would call on her and—thank her.



PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

FROM ANNEXATION TO SECESSION—1844-1856.

BY J. LUTHER KIMBLER.

DURING the closing years of the Whig-Tyler administration the slavery question, which had been kept in abeyance by the Missouri Compromise, began to assume greater importance because of the agitation in favor of the annexation of Texas. Hitherto the Jackson-Van-Buren regime had furnished much fuel for the Whig fires. The Whig party was a union of certain elements opposed to the Democracy policy, yet it was divided within itself because the two wings of the party—northern and southern—stood opposed to each other on certain vital issues, like the slavery question. And now this compromising, uncertain, indefinite position of the party, or coalition rather, was to bear fruit.

In 1840 the party had found General Harrison more "available" than a statesman like Clay or Webster. In 1844 it went before the country with a statesman at the head of its presidential ticket instead of a military hero, but failed to state its position or declare its policy unequivocally on the question of Texas annexation and slavery. It could not do so without offending either one or the other wing of the party. This vascillating, hesitating, non-committal policy was the germ of dissolution, which, after the campaign of 1852, caused the complete disruption of the party.

On May 1, 1844, the Whigs in national convention at Baltimore, nominated Henry Clay for the presidency by acclamation. On the third ballot Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey and New York, was nominated for vice-presidency. On the 27th of the same month the Democratic convention met in Baltimore and named a presidential ticket. Martin Van-Buren had the majority of delegates pledged, or instructed, in his favor when the convention met; but on account of his opposition to the immediate annexation of Texas he could not secure the requisite two-thirds vote of the convention. On the first ballot he received 146 votes, Lewis Cass, 83; Richard M. Johnson, 24; John C. Calhoun, 6, and 7 votes were "scattered." On the seventh ballot the vote was: VanBuren, 104; Cass, 114; James K. Polk, 44. The Virginia and the New York delegations turned the tide in favor of Polk, the latter by first withdrawing the name of VanBuren. Polk, the first "dark horse", was afterwards, on the ninth ballot, unanimously nominated for president. Senator Silas Wright, of New York, was nominated for vice-president, but he declined the honor, and the convention named George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, for second place.

The candidates stood on a platform which contended for the American title to Oregon and the "re-annexation of Texas at the earliest practi-

cable period." A convention of President Taylor's friends was held in Baltimore while the Democratic Convention was in session, and nominated him for president. But his candidacy was so unpopular that it proved a fiasco, and he withdrew from the contest. The Liberty party, or Abolitionists, re-nominated James G. Birney for president, and named Thomas Morris for vice-president.

In the election Polk and Dallas received 1,335,834 popular and 170 electoral votes. Clay and Frelinghuysen received 1,297,033 popular and 105 electoral. Birney and Morris received 64,653 popular votes. In this campaign South Carolina held no popular election, but the presidential electors were chosen by the Legislature. In New York and Michigan the Abolition vote was greater than the Democratic plurality in these States. Had the Liberty party "fused" with the Whigs and voted for Clay in those two States, with their 41 electoral votes, he would have been elected. Polk then would have received but 129, and Clay 146 electoral votes. It is a paradoxical fact that the Abolitionists, who were bent on destroying slavery, themselves really helped to elect Polk—the very candidate they were most opposed to—by also opposing Clay. But they could not consistently support Clay (who was compromise incarnate) on account of his "trimming" Alabama Letter. Besides New York and Michigan the other northern States carried by Polk were Indiana, Pennsylvania and Maine, all of which had voted, four years before, for the "Hero of Tippecanoe."

The National Democratic Convention of 1848 met in Baltimore, May 22. There were two contesting delegations from New York State; after prolonged discussion both were seated, but neither took part in the proceedings of the convention. Following is a list of the candidates voted for with the votes received by each in the convention: General Lewis Cass, of Michigan, 179 votes; Justice Levi Woodbury, U. S. Supreme Court, 38 votes; James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, 33 votes; Wm. J. Worth, 3 votes. The two-thirds rule prevailed in the convention. General Commander, the "Palmetto Ventriloquist," being present, was allowed to cast 9 votes for South Carolina. General William O. Butler, of Kentucky, was nominated for vice-president. Thus the two candidates on the Democratic ticket were both from the West, and both had military records.

The Whigs met in National Convention at Philadelphia, June 1. The leading candidates before this convention were General Zachary Taylor, Henry Clay, General Winfield Scott, and Daniel Webster. Senator John M. Clayton, of Delaware, and Judge John McLean, of Ohio, also received a few votes on the first two ballots. On the first ballot the vote of the four principal candidates for the nomination was, Taylor, 111; Clay, 97; Scott, 43; Webster, 22. On the fourth and last ballot the vote stood: For Taylor, 171; for Clay, 32; for Scott, 63; for Webster, 13. Clay had twice been defeated as a presidential candidate. This fact was an argument against his re-nomination now. But Taylor was nominated because, as Webster said, the "sagacious, wise, far-seeing doctrine of availibility lay at the root of the whole matter"; and, "this case stands by itself, without a precedent or justification from anything in our previous history." In Webster's opinion the nomination of Taylor was "not fit to be made." But it was made, nevertheless, having been brought about chiefly by the aid of northern Whigs, who thought his sterling qualities as a soldier in the Mexican War would secure his election. It is worthy to note that when the attempt was made in the Whig Convention that nominated Taylor

to put forward a Whig declaration against the extension of slavery, the proposition was ruled to be "out of order"—Taylor owned slaves. A platform with the plank, "no extension of slavery—no acquisition of foreign territory" would have made impossible the nomination of the "most available man." Millard Fillmore, of New York, was nominated for vice-president—the man of more ability and statesmanship was made the tail of the ticket.

In this campaign the Anti-Slavery men and the Anti-Administration Democrats or "Barnburners", as the followers of VanBuren were called, organized the Free Soil party. The "Free Soil" Democrats met at Utica, N. Y., in June (1848) and nominated Van Buren for president and Henry Dodge for vice-president. Dodge refused the nomination. The Liberty party (Abolitionists) which had in October, 1847, nominated John P. Hale, joined now with the Van Buren men at Buffalo, August 9, (1848) and Van Buren was here and then again nominated for president, and Charles Francis Adams was made the nominee for vice-president.

In the election the Whigs and Democrats each carried fifteen States, but Taylor received 1,360,101 popular, and 163 electoral votes. Cass received 1,220,544 popular, and 127 electoral votes. The Free Soil ticket polled 291,263 popular votes, chiefly in New York, Massachusetts and Ohio.

In 1852 both Whigs and Democrats met in Baltimore to nominate their presidential tickets. The candidates before the Democratic Convention (June 1) were: Gen. Lewis Cass, James Buchanan, William L. Marcy (New York) and Stephen A. Douglass. The vote on the first ballot resulted as follows: Cass, 117; Buchanan, 93; Marcy, 27, and Douglass, 20. The vote for Cass increased as the balloting progressed but he could not command the required two-thirds. When this became evident the Virginia delegation voted for Franklin Pierce, who was afterwards nominated on the forty-ninth ballot. Another "dark horse". But Pierce was "available" because of his record in the Mexican War—which was destined to make him president. He was a "strict constructionist of the straightest sect of the Jeffersonian school." Senator William R. King, of Alabama, was nominated for the vice-presidency.

The Whig convention met June 16, and continued in session six days. Scott, Fillmore and Webster were the three aspirants voted for in the convention. The first ballot resulted: Scott, 131 votes; Fillmore, 133 votes; Webster, 29 votes. On the fifty-third ballot Scott received 159 votes, Fillmore 112 and Webster 21. The conquering hero of the Mexican War was nominated. On the second ballot Wm. A. Graham, of North Carolina, was nominated for vice-president. Strong efforts had been made by Webster's friends in Massachusetts and New York City to secure the presidential nomination for him; but a military chieftian must again lead the party—this time to defeat. This was the last national, or presidential, campaign for the Whigs. The Whig party, in presidential campaigns, seems to have had no settled policy but "expediency" for a platform and "availibility" as to candidates. Being divided against itself on the slavery issue it could scarcely hope to win in this election.

Scott was supported in the convention by the Northern delegates, who opposed endorsing the compromise of 1850. Fillmore was the candidate of those who favored upholding the compromise of 1850. So, in order to "harmonize," the party leaders "bargained" together; one wing furnished the platform and the other the candidate! In his letter of acceptance

General Scott avoided any indorsement of the plank in his party's platform, which "affirmed the binding character" of the Compromise Measures of 1850. In the convention, seventy delegates from Northern States, supporters of Scott, refused to vote for this "Compromise" plank in the platform.

No doubt, Webster considered the nomination of Scott to be as "unfit" as was that of Taylor. Yet, as a loyal Whig, who feared for the safety of the Union, he supported both "Generals" as the party leaders.

The Free Soil party met in Pittsburg, August 11, and nominated John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, for President, and George W. Julian, of Indiana, for vice-president.

The result of the election was: For Pierce—popular vote, 1,601,279; electoral vote, 254. For Scott—popular vote, 1,386,578, electoral vote 42. This time the "general" of the Whig ticket was defeated. But the electoral vote for Pierce was out of all proportion to the popular vote cast for him. Scott carried only four States; Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky and Tennessee. Yet on the basis of the popular vote his portion of the electoral vote would have been 138 instead of only 42. The popular vote determines the strength of all candidates with the people, but the electoral vote determines which one is elected. Hale and Julian received but 156,825 votes, over fifty per cent. less than their party polled in 1848. But the VanBuren faction of the Free Soilers had re-united with the Democracy in this campaign, and supported Pierce. Hence the coalition of 1848 was not a permanent alignment of the opponents of slavery. This was to occur four years hence, when the wreck of the Whig party and the vitality of the anti-slavery movement would evolve a new party.

On February 22, 1856, the first national convention of the various anti-slavery elements, now known as the Republican party,—a name suggested by Horace Greely—was held at Pittsburg for the purpose of completing the permanent organization of the "Republican" forces. The call, or appeal, issued from Pittsburg, for a convention to nominate a presidential ticket was answered by over one thousand delegates and visiting politicians and statesmen, who met at Philadelphia on June 17, 1856. Robert Emmett, of New York, was made temporary chairman, and Col. Henry S. Lane, of Indiana, was chosen permanent chairman of the convention. On the first (an informal) ballot for president, John C. Fremont, "Pathfinder" of the Rockies, was nominated. He received 359 votes. John McLean received 196 votes. New York cast 2 votes for Charles Sumner, 1 for Nathaniel P. Banks, and 1 for William H. Seward. Virginia declined to vote. An informal ballot for vice-president resulted as follows; Ex-Senator William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, 259; Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, 110; David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, 9; Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, 36; Thomas H. Ford, of Ohio, 7; Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, 3; William F. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, 2; Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, 46; Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, 7; Governor Pennington, of New Jersey, 6; General Pomeroy, of Kansas, 8; Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, 2; Carey, of New Jersey, 2; Dayton and Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, 15. Dayton was unanimously nominated on a formal ballot. It will be noticed here that Abraham Lincoln was already prominent in the public eye.

In the first National platform the Republican party resolved "that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States shall be preserved" and condemned polygamy and slavery as "those twin

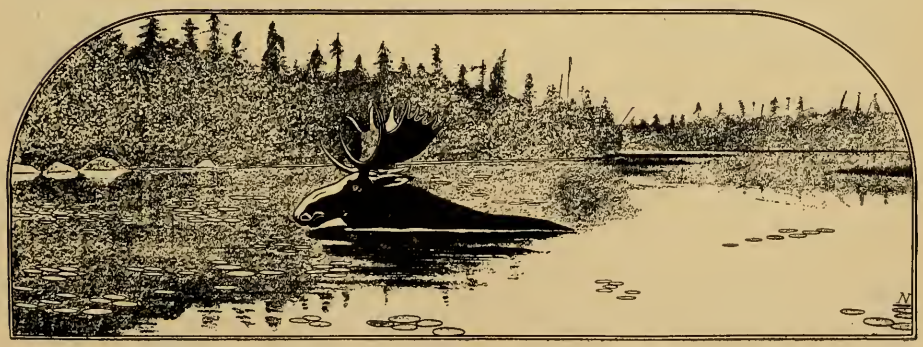
relics of barbarism." It also condemned the "Ostend Manifesto" as "unworthy of American diplomacy."

The National Democratic convention met June 2, at Cincinnati. The leading candidates for the nomination were President Pierce, James Buchanan and Stephen A. Douglas. The main contest was between Pierce and Buchanan, but on the seventeenth ballot Buchanan was nominated. He had already been "mentioned" for the presidency in 1844. John Cabell Breckenridge, of Kentucky, was nominated for vice-president.

In the presidential campaign of 1856 the American, or "Know-Nothing" party, organized on the basis of secrecy, put a National ticket in the field. It held a convention at Philadelphia on February 22, and nominated Ex-President Millard Fillmore, of New York, and Andrew Jackson Donelson, of Tennessee, as its presidential ticket. A remnant of the Whig party in convention at Baltimore indorsed the nomination of Fillmore. The "Americans" opposed alien suffrage, demanding a period of twenty-one years for the naturalization of foreigners, and favored native Americans only for public office.

The result of the campaign was that Fremont carried every Northern State except California, Illinois, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The popular vote for the Republican candidates was 1,341,264; the electoral vote was 114. Buchanan carried 19 States, receiving 174 electoral votes. His popular vote was 1,838,169—a plurality only, however, as Fillmore received 874,534 popular votes, receiving also 8 electoral votes from Maryland. As the slavery question was now the all-absorbing National issue, the new Republican party grew in strength and importance as the progress of events under the Buchanan administration brought the country nearer and nearer to that crisis which was to test the political maxim of Lincoln that this nation could not exist "half slave and half free."



SAM HOUSTON.

An Unvarnished Story of a Man Who is Entitled to Rank As An American Above the Second Class.

BY W. H. GARRETT.

CHIEF EVENTS OF HIS LIFE.

Born 1793.
Member of Congress 1823-1827.
Governor of Tennessee 1827-1829.
Commander-in-chief Texas Army 1835-1836.
President of the Republic of Texas 1836-1838. 1841-1844.
United States Senator from Texas 1845-1857.
Governor of Texas 1859-1861.
Died 1863.

THE GREAT CRISES OF HIS LIFE.

Carried to Tennessee.
Enlisted in the Army.
Studied Law.
Quits Tennessee.
Enters Texas.
Fights at San Jacinto.
Stands by the Union.

PATHETIC INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE.

Sees his father die.
Forsakes his family for the Indians.
Left on the field as a dying man at Horse-Shoe Bend.
Bids farewell to civilization and a bride of three months.
Deposed from office in old age.

Around these incidents hangs a story more romantic than any fiction were mine an inspired pen to write it.

The story begins back in Scotland in the days of John Knox and his fight for God and liberty. From there it is transferred to North Ireland and the siege of Derry. Thence to Pennsylvania and finally takes visible shape in Rockbridge county, Virginia. The father was a military man and fought in the American Revolution.

But Sam and eight others were left orphans by the death of the father. No means were left and the mother and children sought a new home on the banks of the Tennessee River, the dividing line between the white and red man, on the frontier where tragedies were common. Here a few years of the severest toil preparing the virgin soil for cultivation acquainted the boy with all the hardships of poor people on the border.

Sam Houston was a descendant of the Scottish Highlanders and this helps to explain many incidents of his remarkable life. His older brothers decided that they would have Sam work in a store, but Sam thought differently. He slipped out and away and after a great search he was discovered among the Indians. He rendered abundant explanation of his conduct by saying that he preferred to measure deer tracks rather than measure tape. And he insisted on staying with the red men, coming home occasionally to obtain such clothing as necessity demanded.

When the government agents came

to Maryville and the band played, Sam Houston enlisted as a common soldier. He was one of those valorous men Andrew Jackson marched away with to Horse-Shoe, Pensacola and New Orleans. The surprise of his two promotions, sergeant and ensign, is forgotten only in awe of his heroic conduct at Horse-Shoe.

Waiting for only one other person, a higher officer, to lead, Ensign Houston was the second man to scale the breast works of the thousand Creek Indians, who, brought to bay with all they had, fought with desperation to prevent the extermination Jackson had in store for them. The first man to scale the works was shot dead. Houston received an arrow in his thigh which required the strength of a man to extract. He was forced to retire and have the flow of blood stopped. Jackson rode up and ordered him not to return to the battle. In a short time we find him imploring his men to follow him in a charge on a covert position of the enemy. Every man refused and Houston, standing in full view of the port holes of the ambush, received two bullets in his shoulder and arm, shattering both. He walked a short distance and sank down, where he lay during the night. The surgeons refused to do anything for him, saying he was sure to die and that they had better spend their time on those who could live. But Sam Houston did not die.

The pain and suffering during the long journey through the wilderness on a litter to his mother's home, his long fight for life under her hospitable roof, his languish at Maryville and Knoxville, his journey to Washington when the Vandal British had recently burned the capitol, his return to Lexington and again to Knoxville to hear the glorious news of the battle of New Orleans—all these will have to be left untold. Also his continued journey down the Cumber-

land, the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans. Here his wounds compelled him to go to New York for treatment. Improving some, he returned to Nashville and was made sub-Indian agent. His wounds preventing his service from being all he thought it should be he resigned from the army.

Houston had very little school advantages. He attended school about six months in Virginia and a few months in Tennessee. He had a few books which were his constant companions. Homer's Iliad was his favorite. Considering his limited education, his bad health and worse financial straits, it seemed the height of folly for him to undertake the study of law. But this is just what he did, mastering a few of the great principles in a very short time. He was admitted to the bar and established an office in Lebanon, thirty miles east of Nashville. About the same time he was appointed adjutant general of the state militia. Before the end of the year he was elected district attorney. This necessitated his removal to Nashville. His rise was now very rapid. In 1821 he was elected major general by the officers of the army.

He filled all these positions so well and showed such rare ability at the bar, that he was elected to Congress in 1823 without opposition. Two years later he was again elected unanimously. His course in Congress won the respect of the whole State and in 1827 he was elected Governor. Two years later he was married to a most accomplished young lady and within three months they separated for life. No one ever knew the cause. There were many stories told, but fifteen years later Houston told John H. Reagan that none of them were true. Witnesses on both sides assert that neither the man nor the woman ever spoke disrespectful of the other. They both afterward married and lived happily in their family relations.

The separation brought on a storm of criticism of his conduct and Governor Houston determined to resign and leave the State. How Dame Fortune leads her sons! A few years later the Democrats, unable to agree on any of their great leaders, nominated and elected a comparatively unknown man from Tennessee. Had Houston remained in the State and retained his popularity, he might have been nominated and elected President of these United States.

As soon as business matters could be arranged, he stood on the banks of the Cumberland and bade farewell to a great throng of friends and again drifted down the Cumberland, the Ohio and the Great Father of Waterways, the Mississippi, and then up the Arkansas to find a home among his old friends—the Indians. He forsook the agony of civilization for the balm of savagery. And here he found a warm welcome from the old Indian chiefs, who had adopted him when a boy, and who ran to embrace him and call him son.

He sought peace and for a while peace was his. But learning how the government agents were robbing the red man of the millions granted according to solemn treaties, Houston determined to go to Washington to expose the "grafters." This he did to the full satisfaction of President Jackson, but he found that Jackson had enemies and the Indian agents had friends in Congress. To snub Jackson, destroy Houston and save the thieves became the sole purpose of this crowd. It was considered a great crime to dare to expose thieves who were robbing the Indians. One bully denounced Houston so bitterly in a speech that Houston caned him in the streets, though the obstreperous Congressman was armed. Houston was arraigned before the House on four charges. He escaped with a rep-

rimand from the speaker that was a commendation, and a fine that was remitted by the President.

Having fought his way clear he returned to his Indian home in Arkansas with the intention of leading a pastoral life the remainder of his days.

Receiving strong invitations and having an opportunity to befriend some tribes of Indians, who had emigrated from the United States, late in 1832, he set out to visit the great Mexican province of Texas. Houston was ignorant of the fact, but his life work was just to begin. If the veil could have been lifted then, what a panorama! Happily, as the future was revealed, Sam Houston was always ready for each and every opportunity to serve his day, age and race.

The Spaniards and Mexicans had never been able to settle Texas. They were incapable of subduing the country, in the sense of making it a home for a self-supporting people. Seeing the sturdy advance the English race was making upon the wilderness of the North, the Mexican officials invited settlers from the United States to settle in Texas . These invitations were extended and grants made under what is known as the Constitution of 1824. The principles of this Constitution were liberal and the grants were satisfactory to those who accepted. These people underwent great privations and hardships. They did more in ten years to make Texas habitable than the Spaniards and Mexicans had done or were capable of doing. Many of them spent everything they had trying to establish homes in the new country. In many instances part of the family remained at the old home and sent the other part on to establish the home, where they would all unite later.

It is too wicked to say that the Mexicans only intended to have the Americans prepare the homes and subdue the land and then drive them away, confiscating all they had accumulated, but we know that for one hundred and fifty years the Spaniards and Mexicans had tried to make permanent settlements and had failed. They were bound to know that if they did not settle the country they could not hold it. They knew this fact and offered liberal grants to those who would settle there. When the people from the States subdued the land and built their little houses and made the land habitable, the Mexicans tried to drive them out, and what is worse, they tried to exterminate them with sword. What conclusion can we draw?

A despot had arisen in Mexico and trampled the liberal Constitution under foot. Every Mexican state had submitted except two—Zecatacas and Texas. Santa Anna quickly marched his army to the former State and stamped out every vestige of opposition to him as dictator and destroyed that State. He then started for Texas, He suspended their government and ordered all Texans to give up all arms. Think of people being ordered to do that where the savage Indian and the wild beast were hunting the borders of the settlements! There is no more inhuman order on record. His minions began to arrest and transport citizens as well as to disarm them. When Santa Anna arrived, he began to shoot and kill.

There were some degenerate sons of valorous sires in the North and East, who judging by their actions and words, would have submitted to all this and asked for more. Some of them still live and write histories.

Fortunately, there were in Texas some glorious sons of more glorious fathers, who refused to submit. They prepared to resist and Houston being in Texas, was asked to lead. Seeing the inhumanity of Santa Anna's war he accepted. Houston was made Commander-in-chief of the Texas army in November, 1835. A quarrel be-

tween the provisional officers of the State so distracted the soldiers that General Houston was unable to accomplish anything for six months except make some treaties with the Indians to keep them from fighting with the Mexicans.

A convention in March, 1836, disposed of the other officers and re-elected Houston Commander-in-chief. He at once retired to headquarters, but found only a few men present without food, arms or ammunition. Soon news of the Alamo and of Goliad reached him. He had previously ordered the Alamo abandoned, but Bowie failed to obey. He had ordered Fanin to leave Goliad and join him, but Fanin refused. The Alamo had been surrounded by four thousand blood thirsty Mexicans and its occupants put to death. Fanin and his men had been murdered. Alas, how badly Houston needed Bowie and Fanin and their men. But they were dead because petty civil officers had interfered with General Houston's orders, and Houston and Texas were seemingly helpless before an invading host bent on extermination and led by a despot—able and without conscience.

Women and children had to be transported to the East; men, teams, arms and ammunition had to be collected. And Houston and Texas had not a dollar to pay for anything. Agents had been sent to the United States to solicit help. The Southern people contributed liberally, but the other sections received the agents coldly.

The convention had created a government by electing a President and Cabinet officers. These officers, with one exception, fled from place to place and finally landed on Galveston Island. Houston and his little band of men retreated East. Texas' Independence and the lives of all the settlers were in desperate straits. It was known that Santa Anna was advancing with a large army and no one knew at what moment the Texans would find themselves surrounded by an enemy twenty to one. Fanin had more men than Houston and he had been surrounded and the last man foully murdered.

The people were panic stricken. Men had to move their families and would not join the army. Houston continued to retreat and gather men, arms and ammunition. He was unmercifully criticised for not fighting, but Houston knew that he and he only held the key to the safety of Texas. The State officers who had fled from the State began a tirade of abuse and insult. Houston kept his counsel and retreated. Finally he learned through his scouts that Santa Anna had passed South of him and was in the advance with a portion of his army. The soldiers then realized that it was time to strike. He advanced rapidly till on the 20th of April he and his seven hundred farmers found General Santa Anna and his eighteen hundred veterans.

No description of the battle is offered. It is sufficient to say that after a good rest General Houston ordered his men to fight, and leading the way he gave them the battle cry of "Remember the Alamo; Remember Goliad." In twenty minutes the Mexican veterans were utterly destroyed. Half were dead and wounded and the other half were prisoners. The bloody Dictator, who styled himself "The Napoleon of the West", was one of those captured. Many wanted to shoot the fallen despot as he deserved, but Houston, with the understanding of a stateman, saw the advantage to Texas of preserving his life. The fugitive "government" hastened to camp to claim all the fruits of the great victory. They treated Houston, who was confined to his bed with a shattered ankle, with indignity. They refused him passage on the boat to Galveston till the captain refused to

go without him. They discharged from the service the surgeon for attending Houston. He was compelled to go to New Orleans for medical attention. This place he reached in a state of exhaustion from intense suffering. They said he could not live, but Sam Houston did live and returned to Texas in a few weeks to save the life of Santa Anna.

An election had been ordered for September to elect state officers. There were two factions that threatened to rend the State and possibly lose its independence. A few days prior to the election Houston consented to become a candidate for President of the Republic of Texas. He was almost unanimously elected. Houston was always popular with the people, but his commanding and dominant personality kept him at danger's point with other officials. He took up the burden of creating a new government without a dollar of money to its credit. There were three perils: the army, the Indians and Mexico.

The soldiers had received no pay at all and was at the point of exasperation. They threatened to mutiny and break up the government. President Houston ordered them to march to different portions of the country and then offered them indefinite furloughs. They decided to go home. The Indians were easy for Houston to pacify. He made new treaties with them guaranteeing them justice and fair treatment, and they believed in him. He made many treaties with them during his career and not one of them did they violate. There has never been any statesman that could deal with the Indians as successfully as Houston did. In his first inaugural address he said, "Let us abstain from aggressions, establish commerce with the different tribes, supply their useful and necessary wants, maintain an even handed justice with them and natural reason will teach them the nobility of friendship."

The trouble with Mexico was a more difficult problem. Hostile invasion was a constant menace and Texas was not able to fight. Houston managed to release Santa Anna as the previous government had agreed to do and troubles at home prevented the Mexicans from openly invading the country. Encouraged by the press of the North, Mexico kept up a guerrilla warfare and incited irresponsible Indians to murder and pillage.

The creation of the new government without a dollar in cash or credit to begin with, was such a herculean task that it can be only referred to here. It is sufficient to say that at the end of Houston's term of two years, it was successfully accomplished and everything pertaining to the government was in good order. Houston was ineligible to re-election. His successor reversed Houston's policy in everything. He forced the Indians into an unwilling war. He offended Mexico in more than one way. At the end of his term the government was in a deplorable condition. Houston was recalled for a term of three years. At the time the Indians were on the war path, Mexico was raising a large army to invade Texas and the public debt was enormous. New treaties were made with the Indians and they were again pacified. Congress was called together to consider the attitude of Mexico. A measure was passed making Houston dictator and appropriating several million acres of public land to pay the expenses of a war. President Houston promptly vetoed this and nothing else was offered by Congress. The President addressed a long letter to Santa Anna that must have made that brutal murderer and bigot hide in shame. He also addressed a letter to the civilized powers of the world setting forth Mexico's policy toward Texas. He asked those nations which had acknowledged

the independence of Texas to join in a note asking Mexico to cease her predatory policy or make an open war after the manner of civilized nations. These nations had recognized the independence of Texas and very largely obtained their opinions of her by the strength of Houston's diplomacy. When this letter was received it was recognized as one of the strongest that had ever appeared in the national capitols. Mexico soon felt the pressure and began a retreat in her policy.

The people of Texas in their first State election in September, 1836, voted almost unanimously for annexation to the United States. Following this instruction President Houston sent commissioners to Washington to lay the matter before the President. The leaders of the North having their eyes made green by the slavery question, began a systematic fight to prevent annexation. A more insane policy was never advocated by any people in the world than that maintained by the anti-slavery people of the North with regard to Texas. They bitterly opposed the Texan's war for independence. They discouraged it in every way possible and the press of the North ridiculed and belied the Texans from the beginning. They asserted that the slave holders of the South were taking free territory from Mexico and introducing slaves into the country. One of the latest of the Northern histories asserts that the cause of the Texas revolt was because Mexico was trying to free the slaves in Texas. They proclaim with a loud voice that Mexico abolished slavery in 1827. They did pass such a law but it had no more force and effect toward freeing the slaves or abolishing slavery in Mexico than it did on conditions on the moon. The negroes were still slaves, the whites were being made slaves and the Aboriginal Indians were and are still slaves in Mexico in worse condition than the blacks were in Texas. Remember that the Texans had been ordered to give up their private arms, when the wild beast and roving Indians were liable to come and did come to kill, burn and pillage. Remember that General Santa Anna had started to Texas with a large army with the avowed purpose of driving out all Americans. Remember that he did come and put to death over seven hundred men. Yet the understanding of the Northern leaders had become so colored over slavery that they persistently fought Texas independence, Texas annexation and to this day their historians mis-state the facts concerning Texas transition from a Mexican province to a State of the Union of the United States.

President Houston, during his first term, seeing the strong opposition to the admission of Texas, withdrew the proposition. There it rested till Houston's second term as far as the officials were concerned. But the people of the United States kept talking over and studying the matter. They recognized the insanity of their leaders and began to whip them into line. During Houston's second term the annexation of Texas became the burning issue in American politics. Houston seeing his opportunity took up the matter in a thorough-going manner calculated to win and fortunately it did win. He showed the advantages and desirability of annexation in many ways. He showed how eventually Texas would absorb all North Mexico and California and become a rival republic to that of the United States. He dealt with England and France in a manner that made people believe he was seeking a protectorate from one or both. The election of President of the United States was fought out on this issue and the unknown Polk from Tennessee defeated the great Henry Clay. A great majority of the people of the States decided with Sam Houston and Texas.

The independent nation becoming one of the sisterhood of States Houston became United States Senator. He represented his State in the Senate one short term and two full terms. He was now away above the little fellows who nagged at him while he was pleading for the Red Men. Houston demonstrated great ability and independence during his service in the Senate. He did not agree with the views of the people of his State. His grasp of conditions and inevitable results was so much greater than that of ordinary men that he was bound to disagree with many good men. It is a well known fact that he often predicted results that in due time were realized. And these predictions were about local matters as well as national and international. They were not in the sense of prophecy, but inevitable results bound to come from causes extant to him. So it was in regard to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It was a mistake to agree on any line limiting the rights of the Southern people, but when it was once fixed it became necessary to hold to it as something sacred; because the great wealth and numbers when once the barrier was removed, would certainly overpower the South. Hence Houston opposed the Douglass bills. He loved the Union after the manner of his great friend, Andrew Jackson, and bitterly denounced those who proposed disunion or secession. His action in these matters left him without a party, but he continued to fight and plead for his old friends, the Indians, and what he conceived to be right with all his might.

In 1857 he ran for Governor of Texas and was defeated by ten thousand votes. The people realizing what they had done to their greatest citizen, two years later gave him ten thousand majority for Governor.

A change of twenty thousand votes in two years. The politicians could badger him in the Senate and out vote him, but when he went before the common people he was invincible.

But the great crisis was at hand. Houston was now old and he still loved the Union. His views were well settled. He could not leave the Union. He believed it unwise for the State to secede. He said the first gun fired in the behalf of slavery would be its death knell. He repudiated the idea that England would help the South for the sake of her cotton. He refused to take the oath of loyalty to the Confederate States. Sam Houston was then solemnly deposed from the office of Governor of Texas. No man could withstand the mighty avalanche of feeling that had swept over the State.

He had been urged to become a candidate for President in 1860, but he refused to allow his name to go before a convention. He wanted to see a general movement among the common people in his favor, but as this was a time when men did not think for themselves, but left it to their leaders, and their leaders being in the convention, there was no movement in Houston's favor. If he could have had the prevailing views of the South when it turned from Stephen A. Douglass he might have led them to victory.

Houston believed it a mistake to secede from the Union, but he refused to draw his sword against his State and country. He is said to have made a speech at Houston encouraging some volunteers on their way to the front. He resided at Huntsville the remainder of his life and his remains lie there with a monument to his memory placed there by loving Texans.

So ends the life of this great American. That he had faults—serious ones, is not denied. His was a life full to the brim and he filled all the positions of his life to the running over. John H. Reagan in his Memoris, says, "General Houston was

one of nature's great men, great in intellect, great in action, great in his wonderful experiences." Albert Bushnell Hart in his Essentials in American History, barely mentions Sam Houston one time. He may not have been an essential in American History, but he was essential to it.

THE OLD ORGAN.

BY THOMAS HARRISON DANIEL.

Oftentimes across the shadows of the fast receding years
That have passed in joy or sorrow since the days
Of my happy childhood's pleasures, on my memory's willing ears
Fall the tones of the old organ's roundelays.

'Tis the eventide in summer, when the day's work is at end,
And each loved one on the liberal porches stays—
I can hear the twilight insects as their chirpings lightly blend
With the organ's plaintive tones from other days.

I can hear a voice sometimes that long ago by death was stilled,
And its intonations mingle with the strains
Of the organ's simple music in a melody so sweet
That my aching heart forgets its bitter pains.

I have heard the world's best music since I left the dear old farm,
And my soul by many an anthem has been swayed,
But no master's great performance ever gave me quite the charm
Of the quaint old family organ, quaintly played.

Now the dust is on its pedals, and the rust is on its keys,
And to dust have many fingers been consigned,
Which in happy olden days would lightly draw the melodies
From the instrument in memory enshrined.

But to me there comes the melody—the sweeter thought in dreams—
And I realize, amid life's busy cares,
That my spirit has been tempered by the simple, tender strains
That were listened to in long-forgotten airs!

THE ROSE.

IN MYTH, LEGEND, ROMANCE AND LITERATURE.

BY AMELIA WOFFORD.

"First of all flowers," Pliny placed it. "Resplendent Rose, the flower of flowers," Anacreon christened it. "Queen of Flowers," the Greeks crowned it. They wreathed the statues of Venus, Hebe, and Flora with garlands of roses; they dedicated it to Cupid as a fitting emblem of his mission because of its fleeting charm and the pain of its thorns, and to Aurora as an emblem of youth because of its freshness and stimulating fragrance. According to Homer, Aurora had fingers of roses which scented the early morning air with their delicious breath.

The Greek poets attributed the rose's birth to the wish of the Goddess Flora to transmute the remains of a favorite nymph into a flower that would perfectly perpetuate her virtues, grace, and loveliness. To this end she implored the aid of all the gods and goddesses. Apollo responded with the life-giving influence of his rays; Bacchus steeped the flower in nectar; Vertumnus bestowed its exquisite perfume, Pomona touched its petals, and Flora herself gifted it with a wealth of bloom. Its rose hue, these poets said, came of the blood from Venus' feet lacerated by its cruel thorns when she rushed through the woods to Adonis' aid.

To this same incident the Roman poet Catullus attributed too its color. But he said it came for shame of those cruel wounds inflicted by its thorns upon the white feet of the flying goddess.

Herrick who sang

"Of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July flowers,
* * * of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes
Of bridegroom, brides, and of their bridal cakes,"

too, gives its hue celestial origin but for different causes:

"As Cupid danced among
The gods, he down the nectar flung,
Which on the white rose being shed,
Made it forever after red."

Again he says, "it first came red when decided against in the dispute whether it or Sappho's breast was whitest."

Another poet luckier than his brothers had it from the rose itself

"'Twas from Love I borrowed, too,
My sweet perfume, my purple hue."

While sacred tradition affirms that the rose stole its rich hue from the rosy lips of Eve when she kissed its snowy petals in the sinless hours of Eden.

However, to all is opposed the legend of the Jewish maid of Bethlehem, beloved by one Hemuel, a worthless sot, who, his suit rejected, in revenge

denounced her as a demoniac. Zillah, as Southey calls her, was thereupon condemned to be burnt. Bound to the stake, the fagots ready for the flame, all burst into bloom, and the maiden stood beneath a rose-tree, white and red with roses, with roses heaped breast high about her. "The first seen on earth since Paradise was lost," the legend adds.

Akin to this miracle is that of Saint Elizabeth, whose basket of bread was changed into roses when the King lifted the lid for a peep at its contents.

The Romans associated the rose with every occasion. They planted various kinds in their gardens,—to present the ladies of their special admiration with the first roses of spring was a pretty custom of the Roman gallants; they garnished their dishes with them, strewed their banquet halls with its leaves, and wore chaplets of roses at their feasts. It was not uncommon for the host to present his guest with these chaplets. And in the time of Cicero the old grandees reclined at table on couches bedded with roses. They also placed garlands of roses on their monuments.

In winter they imported roses from Egypt at great expense and pains that the flowers should lose nothing of their freshness and fragrance; and when the natural flower could not be obtained imitations made of various materials were substituted. It is probable that the chaplets made of single rose leaves fastened to strips of cloth were also used in times of dearth.

Rose water was one of the delights of the Roman ladies. Once the Emperor Heliogabalus had filled a fish-pond with this luxury as a bath for the Empress and her ladies.

Cleopatra was as prodigal with roses as with pearls. "She always smelled of roses," an old historian is authority for; which is easy of belief, as she wore roses constantly in her bosom and wreathed them in her jetty tresses as profusely as taste permitted. So lavishly did she use them at the festivals in Anthony's honor, they are reckoned among her extravagances of that time. At one banquet she caused the floor of the hall to be spread with roses to the depth of eighteen inches, and that the flowers should not be disturbed by the passage of the guests, they were covered with a fine net.

But in this display she was eclipsed by Nero. At one banquet his guests were almost suffocated by a rain of roses which were piled up within four feet of the lofty ceiling. At another fete given at Baiae he paid for the roses alone four million sesterces, about $100,000; while Cleopatra's famous rose carpet fell $40,000 short of that princely sum.

The painters' chosen symbol of love and Hymen; the emblem of beauty and of love with the Orientals; beloved of the bulbul, bursting into flower with its first notes, as the Persians fable; the attribute of Saint Dorothea, Saint Casilda, Saint Elizabeth of Portugal, and Saint Rose of Viterbo who carry roses in their hands or in their caps, one would not associate the rose with war and bloodshed, but there we find it. The knights frequently wore a rose on their shields or on the summit of their helmets, as significant of the knightly ideal that gentleness should ever accompany courage. The rose was the rallying signal of the Burgundian party in 1400. It was adopted by the Jacobins as an emblem of the Pretender because his adherents were obliged to abet him in secret, *sub rosa;* and the white and the red rose were the badges of the contending factions in the War of the Roses which devastated England for more than thirty years.

Shakespeare, taking as his guide some old legend or chronicle, it is said, attributed the assumption of the roses to a quarrel in the Temple gardens between Richmond Plantagenet, Duke

of York, and John de Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, the partisan of Lancaster.

"Let him," says York, "who is a true
born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his
birth,
If he supposes I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white
rose with me."

To which Beaufort thus replies:

"Let him who is no coward nor no
flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the
truth
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn
with me."

This Shakesperean account of the origin of the white rose as the badge of the House of York is contradicted by an historian who claims that the white rose was an hereditary cognizance of that House ever since the title was first created. Albeit, the white rose has been worn by the Jacobites on June 10, ever since the birthday of James II., in 1688.

When the warring houses were welded by the marriage of Elizabeth of York with Henry Tudor, it is said, a rose tree in the grounds of a monastery in Wiltshire, England, which had never before borne roses both red and white, then displayed roses with petals mottled red and white; which ever since has been called the "York and Lancaster" Rose.

It was these roses, the York and Lancaster, "flaunting with wide-open petals," that grave Adam Bede passed by in the quaint, delightful garden of the Poysers' at the Hall Farm where he had gone in quest of the dark-eyed beauty Hetty, and wisely, says George Eliot, chose instead a compact Provence rose that "peeped out but half smothered by its scentless neighbors." Adam's visit was with painful purpose, and he felt that he should be more at ease with something

in his hand. Hetty stuck the rose coquettishly in her hair a little above the left ear in imitation of the "ladies in the pictures at the Chase," and while admiring, Adam must tenderly rebuke, having in mind his mother's disapproval of Hetty's love of finery: "It seems to me as a woman's face doesn't want flowers; it is almost like a flower itself. I'm sure yours is."

The poetic phrase sub rosa has come down to us without loss of meaning from the days when the Greeks and Romans sculptured roses on the ceilings of the banquet halls—over the doors, some historians say—to admonish the revellers that what was said within must not pass without. But the origin of this custom is involved in as much mystery as the birth and color of the rose, and is as variously accounted for.

Harpocrates, the god of Silence, was represented as a youth with the fingers of one hand upon his lips, while the other held a rose, given him by Cupid, as a bribe for his silence as to his mother Venus' amours; and to this myth some assign the symbolism of the rose. Another story would have it come of the roof of the building in which Pausanias carried on a political intrigue with Xerxes being covered with roses, and because of which coincidence the Athenians thereafter wore a rose in their hair when imparting a secret. Others there are who claim for this custom an antiquity beyond the times of the Greeks and Romans; and the Italian writers say it arose from the pope's presenting consecrated roses to be placed over the confessionals at Rome to denote secrecy, in 1526.

In the old days, the phrases "sleeping on roses," living in the midst of roses, was to summon up a Sybaritic dream of luxury and pleasure, and in medieval times the extravagant use of the rose was held the index of inexhaustible riches. So highly was the rose valued in France at this time, the king's permission had to be obtained to grow it; and in later days, among other illegal extortions, the lord of the manor required his tenants to furnish a specified quantity of roses, which were used in lieu of cloths on the manorial table and for making rose water.

With the Romans the rose was the flower of joy; an idea that prevailed elsewhere and in other times. When Marie Antoinette passed through Nancy on her way to be married to Louis XVI., the ladies of Lorraine strewed her bed with roses. In Chili, when a stranger visits a house, each lady of the family presents him with a "Rose of Welcome." Each year in France, the best girl in the villages is crowned with roses, from which she gains the pretty title of "La Rosiere." In some parts of Tyrol, it was the old custom for a young man to proclaim his betrothal by wearing a rose. And in the valley of Engardine, Switzerland, a prisoner when released from prison after being proven guiltless, was presented with a white rose, called the "Rose of Innocence," by a young girl. And while the rose is not so invariably the accompaniment of the "marriage feast" now—fashion sometimes decreeing that another flower be borne by the bride to the altar, or wealth demanding a costlier blossom—it retains its old sway and prestige as the flower preeminent for the bridal nosegay.

"Roses, far above the rest.
By all true lovers loved the best,"

sings an old poet. Whether his song was inspired by fact or fancy, some old English customs were in harmony with it; in some parts of England garlands of white paper roses, with a pair of white gloves, were hung above the pews of the unmarried villagers that died young; and in Surrey roses were planted on the graves of lovers.

And in les affaires du coeur, the rose enjoys the repute of unfailing prophecy. After a month's lapse, if the petals of a rose plucked and hidden away secretly in paper are as fresh as when gathered, the lucky one can be certain of the early appearance of the future husband or wife.

In England the rose was often used as rent-quittance; several instances of which use occurred in older times in this country.

So variously is the rose employed, one can safely say it strews life's pathway from the cradle to the grave; and that no other flower has more frequent mention in literature is another assertion that can be safely ventured.

Solomon sang of the Rose of Sharon. Hawthorne planted a red rose bush by the grim prison door whence Hester Phrynne issued with the sin-conceived infant in her arms and the fantastically wrought Scarlet Letter on her breast; again, "what more appropriate mode of suggesting her tender secret could a maiden find than by the soft hit of a rose-bud against a young man's cheek," he asks in his comments upon the various features of the Carnival in "The Marble Faun," referring therein to that happier year before (to the sculptor Kenyon) when Hilda sitting aloft in the balcony had hit the "sculptor with a single rose-bud,—so sweet and fresh that he knew at once whose hand had flung it."

Chaucer loved "sweitie roses, red, brode, and open also;" Miss Mitford "roses of every kind and colour, especially the great cabbage rose." Bacon says, "roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells."

"Each morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yesterday?"

ask Omar Khayyam.

Beaumont thought the rose "of all flowers the best," because "the very emblem of the maid." Shakespeare compares "fair ladies mask'd to roses in their bud." The Duke of Buckingham gallantly compared Milton's wife to a rose. So did the poet compare her, with other meaning. "Your lordship sayeth well," he answered; "she is a rose, indeed, and I have often felt her thorns," having reference to the sharp uxorial temper whose stings he had often felt. In his works, however, he gives the rose prettier application. In Comus, he says:

"If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head."

"I think I am quite wicked with roses—I like to gather them and smell them till they have no scent left," Maggie Tulliver said in the conservatory at Park House where the classic beauty of her arm curved upward towards a half-opened rose tempted Stephen Guest to his first mad demonstration of love.

Maggie Tulliver is said to be George Elliot's self. However that may be, mention of the rose is scattered here and there through her pages, and in "The Gypsy Queen," Maggie's passionate love of this flower is repeated in the dark-eyed Zincala maid, Hinda:

"Queen, a branch of roses—
So sweet, you'll love to smell them.

* * * *

You love the roses—so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
Then all the valley would be pink and white
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light
As feathers, smelling sweet."

Heine was flower-witched. They

lift their pure petals beside the sternest truths; we find them mirrored in the blue waters with hoary fortresses, and ancient castles, and they furnish forth his favorite likenesses. Speaking of Schiller, he says that his love for the future blossoms out like a field of flowers in Don Carlos; the eyes of the Hindoos he met on an East Indiaman in the harbor of London were to him "black flowers which regarded him with melancholy woe;" Luther's hymns are flowerets springing from a rocky craig; like a summer rain of flowers his lady's accents flowed down from her fair mouth.

In that wonderful array of "painted" and "rouged" tulips, "crystal pillars" of lillies, pinks, stocks, and blue flowers ever likened to the modest azure of maidens' eyes, the rose is preeminent. It shares his passion for shimmering moonbeams and nightingales; rivals, if not transcends in charm of description the dew and cool of a Florentine night in a cloistered garden with a marble beauty the unforgettable loveliness of whose classic lips melting into a "sweet dimple" at one corner wooed him forth at midnight, and exceeding in mention the white birches and the whiter limbs of maids and goddesses and the other "sweet extravagances" and fancies of his exuberant genius that crowd his pages almost to bewilderment.

In his tour in the Harz, looking back upon Osterode with its red roofs peeping from the green fir-forests, the green-veiled crimson of the moss rose is suggested; the glimpse of a lovely face at a window on that same immortal journey is "the sweet, transparent embodiment of the breath of summer evenings, shimmer of moonlight, songs of nightingales, and scent of roses."

"O what melodies were those!" he exclaims ecstatically of Paganini's playing. "Like the nightingale's notes when the fragrance of the rose intoxicates her yearning young heart with desire, they floated in the evening twilight."

"What a delicious poem Undine is! The poem is itself a kiss; the genius of poesy kissed the sleeping Spring, who opened her eyes with a smile, and all the roses breathed forth their scent and the nightingales their song, and the scent of the roses and the song of the nightingales our admirable Fouque clothed in words and named the whole 'Undine.'"

It is the inspiration of a sweet and lovely figure.

A rose bush grows on the good Ursula's grave; and "in life roses were her favorite scent, and her heart was all roses and kindness."

In various phases this unparalleled flower presents itself to him—"passionate red roses, flaming red roses, roses like flames, luscious red roses." At other times so bizarre are his descriptives at first glance, we must pause to realize their fitness: "drunken red roses, laughing rose, pert young roses."

But this is only a minimum of multitudinous literary mention.

In Southern gardens for all the variety and loveliness of its rivals, the rose was supreme in favor and in richness of hue and perfume. On fair nights, it is said, the gentle shade of Evelyn Byrd wandered through the rose-scented garden ways she loved in life—a wraith so delicately etereal as scarcely to be distinguished from the moonlight, whose seasons she chose to re-visit those fragrant scenes of earthly delights.

In his older years, Henry Clay is said to have "almost constantly carried a full blown rose, with a short stem, in his hand, and frequently addressed himself to its perfumed cup."

George Bancroft, Francis Parkman, and William H. Seward were devoted rose lovers and successful rose

growers. In his will Thaddeus Stevens devoted a permanent fund for the "planting of roses and other cheerful flowers" on his mother's grave.

The Cruise.

The creseent moon's a yellow boat
  Upon the evening sea,
And every little star afloat
  Doth bear her company.

Nightly they cruise their ocean o'er,
  Until, the darkness gone,
They anchor by some silent shore,
  Upon the isle of dawn.

Are Perennius.

Nations and men may pass away;
  A fragrant thought can never die;
The soul beneath its potent sway
  Ascends on high.

Poet, if thy dear verse doth hold
  Fast in its heart one truth sublime,
There shall it gleam, a star of gold,
  And outlive time.

SPROOT, ALA., July 25, 1907.
HON. T. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—My opinion of Joe Bailey and Jno. Sharp Williams was formed when they refused to assist Mr. W. J. Bryan in his struggle against class rule at the last National Democratic convention. Though Mr. Williams said enough there to condemn him in the eyes of all thinking men, it is not that upon which I base my opinion.

Why were they not as much called on as Mr. Bryan to evince their patriotism by steadfastly adhering to the principles that would best promote the interest of their constituents, which is Agriculture, that is now being butchered and robbed by the corporate interests of the country?

Please state through your Magazine what position or statement of Mr. Williams led you to denounce him as a corporate tool.

Yours for better Representatives,
W. M. EILAND.

—

ANSWER.

My reason for calling John Sharp Williams a corporation doodle is that his own record in Congress convicts him of being one.

He aided the Republicans in screening the corporations from an effective rate bill. He opposed the Hearst bill which was the only perfect rate bill that was offered. He stood in with the Republicans to take away from the Inter-state Commerce Commission the power of initiative which they already had under the old Reagan bill. Thus he maimed the Commission itself, to the intense satisfaction of the corporations.

He voted with the Pullman Palace-car people to save them from governmental regulation. How on earth he can ever explain or defend that vote to the satisfaction of the people who are plundered by the Pullman car prices, passes my comprehension.

He voted with the express company robbers to save these 200 per cent. profit corporations from governmental control.

He voted with the telegraph and telephone companies to save those Good Samaritans from governmental regulation.

If votes like the foregoing do not class a Congressman as a corporation doodle, what would?

The literal fact, as shown by his own course in Congress, is that John Sharp Williams is one of these sons of the South whose conception of statesmanship seems to be that they must help the Northern capitalist skin the South.

No wonder such a toot of joy went up from all the corporation horns when the news came that Williams had beaten Vardaman for the Senate! Williams is a corporation man.

—

OWENSBYVILLE, GA., July 31, '07.
HON. T. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson:—(1). Will you

please tell me where I can get a history of the Political Parties of the United States from their beginning until the present day? (2). And what book would you advise a woman to read who wishes to know something about the laws of the United States, and will some day deal in real estate? (3). What do you think of Woman Suffrage? Can this country be a free country unless every citizen of reasonable age have a voice in choosing its rulers?

I wish I could tell you how much my father admires you, but words are inadequate. He has been your faithful follower ever since you began your political career, and admires you as a man as well as an energetic reformer. He keeps your picture on the wall where he can see it every day, and pay to it the homage that is due to all heroes who devote their lives to the good of their country.

Your friend,
LEONE FLOYD LEATH.

—

(ANSWER.)

(1). Any book-seller will order for you "Political Parties in the United States," by Jacob H. Patton. There are several other works on the same subject.

(2). There are several good text-books on the law relating to real property. "Williams on Realty" occurs to me as one of these. Blackstone's Commentaries, of course, embrace the subject, and one of the later editions (I prefer Sharswood's) will give you in the notes much information of the law as it now stands. Kent's Commentaries are most valuable, also.

The dealers in second-hand books will supply all of these at low rates. Consult The Americus Book Co., of Americus, Ga., for second-hand books.

Mr. F. E. Grant, of New York, is a mighty good man to consult about all books, old or new.

(3). I hardly know. When I think of what a mess we men make with our votes, I feel inclined to advise the ladies to keep out of it. Personally, I much prefer to see my own daughter making a good mother to one of my grand-children than to see her puzzling over politics. But there seems to be plenty of fellows who claim to know all about it, and who would advise the women to shut up the house, lend out the baby, and call for the cook and the nurse—so that all three of the women can go and vote.

As I have already said, I hardly know what I do think of Woman Suffrage.

When I saw the Catholic priests of Denver, Colorado, change the whole political situation, between two suns, by giving the wink and the word to the Irish chambermaids, I got scared, and quit thinking on the subject.

Sometimes I dream about it, and when I do I wake up in a cold sweat; for "I thought I saw" a long procession of negro women trapesing to the polls; and the slums of the big cities were pouring forth their tattered furies to go yelling and screaming to the polls, and the dens of vice were emptying painted women into the streets by the tens of thousands, and the bloated ward-boss was driving these fallen angels to the polls; and all over the land the sanctity of home was losing something of its holiness, and the delicacy with which the higher order of men treat the purer type of woman, was losing something of its chivalrous tone, and the ideal woman—she whom we adore and bless as the sweet sister, and devoted mother, and consecrated wife—was losing something of the blessed halo that encircles her noble head; and the glorious inequality which has ever existed and must ever exist between the pure girl and the vile, the good woman and the bad, the high-souled woman and she of ignoble type was losing something of the sharpness of line which marks the difference between the two.

Then I woke up, scared. And I don't dare talk about woman suffrage. But I thank you most sincerely for those words of encouragement and praise. And I would be proud to take your father by the hand and chat with him about old times.

SHREVEPORT, LA., Aug. 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I am glad to inform you that the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE is admired by many in Shreveport. Will you kindly answer the following:

1. Was Alexander Hamilton second in command of the Colonial Army? Did he not receive that distinction by special request of George Washington?

2. Did he not have aspirations to form an empire of Louisiana French possessions and Mexico.

3. Do you think his teachings would be Democratic in this day?

4. Did not this bring on the "duel" in which he was killed?

5. Was not Hamilton's teaching directed more to empire than to finance?

6. Last, but not least, does it appear very probable that the only salvation for the South is to turn to the know-nothing party—let Americans, (white) rule America? If Bryan's referendum is made a plank in the next Democratic platform, and succeeds, it will bring trouble as it did in 1860. These are the views of your true friend,

F. R. CALLAWAY.

—

(ANSWER.)

(1). Alexander Hamilton was not second in command of the Colonial Army. He was Washington's Military Secretary much of the time, but many officers stood between him and the second place in the army. You are thinking about the French war-scare of John Adams' adminisration (1789). Washington was named Commander-in-chief, and Hamilton was named to a post which would probably have made him the actual chief in case of war. In other words, he was made second in command to Washington himself and this was done at the instance of Washington. Parton, the biographer of Burr, relates the incidents of the Hamiltonian intrigue which brought this about.

(2). Hamilton was mixed up with the adventurer General Miranda in certain schemes which had for their object the overthrow of Spanish power beyond the Mississippi, and in Central and South America; but there is no evidence that Hamilton designed "to form an empire" as suggested. He probably meant nothing more than the extension of our own boundaries toward the Pacific and the creation of independent republics in Central and South America.

(3). No. Hamilton was never a Democrat, nor was Washington a Democrat. Had Washington lived in England he would have been a Whig, with leanings to William Pitt rather than to Charles Fox. As to Hamilton he would have been allied to the younger Pitt, and antagonistic to Fox.

(4). No. The duel was merely the logical result of a long and deadly personal and political feud. There was no war of principle.

5). The purpose of Hamilton was to create an aristocracy of wealth founded in governmental favors. In other words, he meant that special privilege should create a governing class in the United States, just as hereditary nobility and wealth had created a governing class in England.

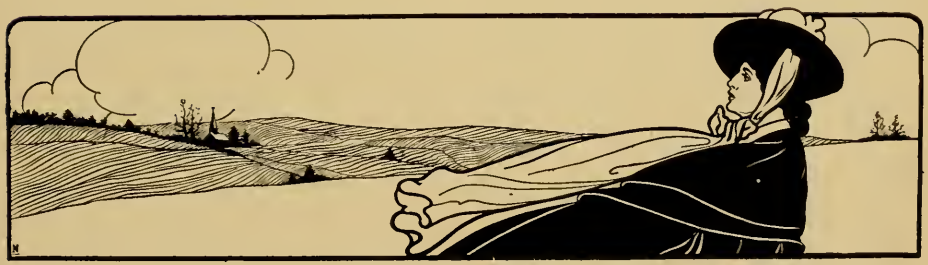
At present ours is a government of Special Privilege. Therefore, Hamilton's ideas are in the ascendant.

(6). The whites should govern the country, excluding from political privilege the red man, the brown man, the yellow man, and the black man.

Give to these, in the fullest measure, their legal rights as human beings and citizens of the country,—but nothing more.

Political power and privilege should be held and exercised by the whites.

No man should be proscribed on account of his religious convictions, but the present policy of the Republican leaders, if persisted in, will result in giving the Roman Catholic Church a virtual partnership with the State which would violate the spirit of the Constitution and endanger the future of our country.



LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

MARTINSVILLE, VA., July 26, 1907.

MR. THOMAS E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Our club met to-day and the theme of discussion was, "The August Number of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE."

There are two articles in this number that attracted special notice of the Club. "The Color Line in England," etc., and also the article "Drive the Usurpers Back." The latter article we clearly understood to mean, that the federal judge of North Carolina who decided the railroad rate law of that State and the railroad rate law of Virginia unconstitutional, was thereby performing the monstrous act of setting aside and nullifying the laws of North Carolina and Virginia, and arrogating to himself the right to be more powerful, wiser and have more of statecraft and knowledge of constitutional law than a large number of the very best men of Virginia and North Carolina. We fully endorse these views, and one member of the club was so much carried away with these ideas in your Magazine, that he made a motion that the club return a vote of thanks to Mr. Watson for the powerful and forceful way he had of setting forth the rights of the people, and his indignant disclaims of federal judiciary encroaching upon them, which motion was unanimously carried.

And this reminds us of what happened in a back-woods debating society in Ohio, where the first volume of Macaulay's history of England came out. A country back-woods man of the society had read the volume, arose and made a motion that a vote of thanks be voted Macaulay for writing a history that the common people could understand, which motion was carried unanimously.

Trevelyan says Mr. Macaulay was more complimented by this than anything else that was ever said or read of his history of England.

WM. M. PEYTON, President.
O. W. JONES, Secretary.

(If the Virginia Club could but realize how much unmingled pleasure their disinterested compliment gave Mr. Watson they certainly will never regret their generous vote.)

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Statesboro, Ga., July 10, 1907.

Dear Sir: The Rural Letter Carriers of Georgia did me the honor on last Thursday, July 4, to make me president of their State organization. This honor I appreciate *very* highly, but not *more* than the fact that a Georgia Congressman secured the first appropriation for Rural Free Delivery. I have often reminded the boys of this fact, and requested them to ask you to favor us with your presence at some of our meetings. I asked Bro. Geo. E. Wilson, of Harlem, Ga., to bring it before the State Association, with the result that we wish you to be with us at our next State convention at Albany, Ga., July 3 and 4, 1908. Now, as an additional favor, would you mind meeting us in

Augusta on Labor Day, (first Monday in September). We want to have a rally of the carriers of the 10th district, Augusta, Labor Day, and would be delighted to have you address us. We know you are a man of the people and father of the Rural Free Delivery. It would give us *much* pleasure to have you with us. I am ashamed of the fact that you have not had the credit you were due for making Rural Delivery possible, but assure you the carrier boys appreciate you. Should you decide to accept our invitation please write at an early date, so I can arrange. Thanking you in advance, I am, Yours sincerely,

GEO. DEBROSSE,
Pres. Ga. R. L. C. Association.

Somerset, Ky., July 1, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Herewith please find my check for $1.50, for which please enter my name on your subscription books for a year for your magazine.

When you established Tom Watson in New York I subscribed three years, but after you dropped out I stopped taking the wrapper from the magazine, and do not know whether it is yet in life or not. Let the subscription begin with July number.

I used to have charge of Georgia as a pension examiner, and I got into the habit of reading all you wrote which came under my observation. I am anxious to see the rest of your Andrew Jackson. I have all your other books. Recently I loaned Congressman Hunter my "Napoleon," and he was charmed with it.

Very truly yours,
A. B. PARKER.

Millerville, Ala., June 19, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Herewith I send you check for $4.25. Please send me your *Weekly Jeffersonian* for one year, also your "Napoleon" and "Bethany."

Some time ago while visiting my father, I found the first three numbers of your magazine, which I read with much interest, and sent them out to my friends on missionary work. Kept them constantly passed from one to the other until there were eight who wished to subscribe. For all of these, save one, I advanced the money that they might begin at once.

I take this interest for several reasons. First, because I felt you were badly treated in the New York matter, and that you are an honest man, battling for the people of the class that are so sadly neglected. Second, my section pride was aroused in behalf of a man who ventured so much in a literary enterprise heretofore fraught with failure. Third, I knew you had something to say that was worth while. As a premium you sent me your "Story of France." When it reached me I could not wait till I could reach the second volume, but pitched into it the first thing on finding that it contained the "French Revolution," to me the most tragic, but fascinating chapter in the history of man.

I have no words that will *convey even a trifling conception* of how much I enjoyed, and in many instances re-reading, your classic contribution to our literature.

A little circumstance will illustrate better. The gentleman with whom I board seeing I was so constantly absorbed in some book, was led to inquire about it, and seemed surprised that I could be so completely carried away with it. Soon after a representative of W. B. Saunders & Co., of Philadelphia, publishers of strictly medical books, called on me to present his line, whereupon my boarding house man, being present, remarked, if he had any medical books written by Tom Watson he'd have no trouble selling me. But when he began reading your book he became in-

fatuated with it to such a degree I could scarcely get hold of it long enough to finish. My horses, too, fell in love with your book, for they soon learned when it was in the buggy they were given a free rein, and a "go-as-you-please gait" at once allowed.

On first inspection I was disappointed that it was not illustrated, but I realized as I began to read that the pictures were there in the strikingly vivid review of men and events.

I always considered Thackeray's sketch of Marlborough in Henry Esmond, and that of Potemkin in Catherine II., of Russia, as the most graphic and picturesque pen portrait of literature, but your own inevitable review of Barnave, Mirabeau and our own Benj. Franklin stand in the same class.

Your story combines all the charm and beauty of apostrophe, exclamation and word painting so characteristic of Carlyle's French Revolution with none of the monotonous prolixity, which so often obscures the thought in marshaling the mighty figure of speech.

Truly, have you lifted history, not only to the dignity, but also to the beauty and interest of romance.

But I must beg pardon for having thrust upon you at such length the views of an obstreperous young physician who has burdened with his criticisms the author of a work already famous in two hemispheres.

By way of encouragement, and lest you live in future dread of having to wade through another such letter as this, I promise not to write any more even after reading the books I am now ordering.

Will send you a list of names if you wish, to whom you may send samples of your paper.

"Long may you wave!"

Sincerely yours,

M. J. SLAUGHTER.

DEAR MR. WATSON:

Noting that you failed to fully answer question number 2 of J. F. Arceneaux in the July JEFFERSONIAN, I ask the privilege of answering the part of Brother Arceneaux's question that you overlooked, in my own poor style. First, let us get direct nomination and election of all public officers from highest to lowest, add to this the right of recall, and this will put the political office-holders in the hands of the people and make of them the *servants* of the people instead of the hired puppets of the trusts or corporations.

Then let us get the initiative law in referendum. this will put the real law in the hands of the people and not absolutely in the hands of federal judges and judgeship, that are bought and sold like so much pop corn.

Now, having the law, the Government and the Representatives in the hands of the people, we are safe, and ready for Government ownership, but without the above it is questionable whether government ownership would prove beneficient to the people, but put the people in charge and we are ready for government ownership. First, then, of all things else, give us government ownership—issue and direct control of everything that passes as money and let everything that passes as money be issued as full legal tender as any other money. This will put the finance of the country in the hands of the government and its representatives, and with the government and its representatives in the hands of the people the finance of the country will be run in the interest of the whole community instead the special interest of a few sleek rascals that are already gorgeously rich in special privilege. Now with the above in force we are ready for government ownership of anything else we wish. The above will, of course, necessitate the issue of paper money, but don't be deceived about paper money, be-

cause some hard money man declares that it is not good or will not stand without gold to back it, for the Government has no gold, there's the point—and that same benighted fool will tell that the Government can issue bonds—paper money in large denominations—that is good, good anywhere; good enough to buy the gold or anything else, and that the Government must issue the bonds with which to buy the gold to "back up" the greenbacks or bank notes—paper money issued in small denominations, "for they *must* be based on gold." Now isn't he a peculiar fool that says the one is good if issued by the Government, but the other is not good if issued by the Government, without another agent to back it—that agent being gold?

What is behind the bonds? The whole national wealth of the United States. Then what would be behind greenbacks or small bills issued by the Government? The whole national wealth of the United States. Simple, isn't it? The next thing in order is to give us government ownership of the railroads with what I will call postal freight rates—let freight rates be adjusted and uniform as postage rates are—the latter will be of great benefit to every community in the whole United States and will not do injustice to a single living soul, but it will make the cornering of any commodity almost impossible, by allowing all communities, of whatever location, to trade freely with each other—to exchange goods, without ruinous tribute. Then give us Government ownership of the telegraph and telephone in connection with the post office system and in conjunction with all the above, give us sub-treasuries in the shape of postal savings banks and depositories.

Give us all the above, which is only the warp, and needs a good lot of filling, and we will be an independent people and every trust in these United States would be practically busted and the people be independent, though you might build tariff walls as high as the skies Uncle Sam's people would be free and independent, but to thoroughly abolish the trusts in all their forms, let us do away with tariff altogether; this we must do to be a just nation and to have any rightful claim whatever to a Christian nation.

The above put in force, Brother Arceneaux and brethren, will abolish every injurious trust in the whole country. In the name of God, give us the above warp judiciously filled and we will have as near an ideal government as is possible in mere human beings.

J. Gordon Simpson.

College Park, Ga.
July 11, 1907.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson:—Because you print what you wish in your magazine I send you the inclosed manuscript. In part it expresses a feeling that has long been in my mind. For several years I have been an earnest student of psychology, and as a natural psychic, I have had some strange and very beautiful experiences.

The last magazine was particularly good. One of the things that struck a responsive chord was the little comment or review of a book—the title has slipped out of my mind and I have sent the magazine away—in which the dying man asks for music. Some day when the world grows gentler and wiser the healing and soothing power of music will be better understood. In the Bible we have a clear statement of the effect of music on the strangely grand and oftimes strangely weak being, king Saul.

I was much pleased with the sentiment of "A Southern Woman's" letter. She should say something of the southern woman who will sit by the side of a negro dude and drive around—Faugh!

Indeed, Tom Moore is not read so much as he should be. Mr. Watson, couldn't you write a series of letters on these dear old poets? I feel sure there are many who would enjoy anything you would write about them. It has been several years since I read Lalla Rookh, but the beauty of this idyllic, Oriental romance still lingers like a fragrance in my memory. It is the most charming long poem I have ever read.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Italy Hemperly.

A CORRESPONDENT REMINDS MR. WATSON OF OLD TIMES.

In 1866, 1867, 1868 and 1870 there was a flourishing High School taught in Thomson by the brothers Thos. M. Steed and Rev. E. A. Steed. This was the school referred to in the letter of Mr. Bentley, which follows.

"Leck" Steed, as the Rev. Alexius Steed was called, is the brilliant young Baptist preacher of Mr. Watson's book "Bethany":

Leathersville, Ga.,
June 28, 1907.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have been a strong friend and supporter of you from the time you made your first speech in Lincoln county, at Wheat's old camp-ground denouncing the Jute Bagging Trust, along with other things. And also, down through Populism I have always supported you, stood by and sympathized with you in all of your disappointments and hardships that you have undergone. And I expect to stand by and help you in my feeble way, as long as you continue to represent these grand principles that you have been fighting for the many years and for which you will some day reap your reward. May the good Lord guide you in your work.

My wife has been a life long friend of yours also. You may have forgotten her, as you have not seen her to know her in a long time. She was Miss Sudie Steed, daughter of Ireneus E. Steed.

She often speaks of you in attending school at Thomson, when her cousins, Leck and Tom Steed, taught there. We have several of your pictures that she cut from papers and magazines and some as good as I have ever seen of you.

I just write this to remind you of some of the bygone days. No more for this time. Most respectfully,

Your friend,
Jno. T. Bentley.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—I wish to say that from my point of reasoning, your article in the January number of your Magazine, entitled "Father Time", and your write-up of Robert Toombs, the great orator and statesman of the South, and of the Civil War period in the July number, is far in advance of any literary production I have yet read. None who came before you ever did, nor those who will come after you, can depict a theme in language more eloquent, more sublime, more profound. In fact, it is Watsonian in all its grandeur and originality therefore unapproachable, and though I am sure that you have not yet attained the zenith of your ability and usefulness, I cannot believe that you will eclipse the productions to which I am making reference. Your Magazine is unquestionably the ablest historical publication extant, and I bespeak for it an extensive and profitable career.

Very truly yours,
John B. Gibson,
Yatesville, Ga.

Macon, Ga., July 6th, 1907.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—As an appreciative

reader of your "JEFFERSONIAN," I will thank you to note the article in the last issue on Robert Toombs, and advise through the same medium if the dates given are correct.

On page No. 687, near the bottom, in column 1, you say:

"During the Revolutionary War a regiment of troops was sent to Georgia from Virginia, and the father of Robert Toombs was a Major in this regiment. At the close of the war Major Toombs settled in Wilkes county on the land which he had drawn from the State for his services as a soldier. He died in 1791, leaving a will which divided a large estate in lands and slaves among his children, two sons and four daughters. Robert Toombs was born July 2nd, 1810."

I presume, of course, that there must be some error in the dates given, and only call your attention to the same that proper correction may be made.

Very truly
THOMAS W. COBB...

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The date referred to was a stupid blunder of my own. Major Robert Toombs, the father of our great Southern lawyer, orator and statesman, died during the latter part of the year 1815. His will was signed by him Aug. 1, 1815. It was probated (after his death, of course) Jan. 1, 1816. To my friend, Hon. S. H. Hardeman, I am indebted for these dates. T. E. W.

WEST PLAINS, MO.,
April 29, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Of all the splendid things you have said and important questions you have discussed in your Magazine, nothing has been better said, and no question discussed, more important than the subject of the separation of the Church and State in France. You seem to be the only man in this country who has the ability and the courage to handle this question as it should be handled.

Being informed as I am in the history of the influence of the Priesthood over the minds of men in the past, and at this time, where it has uncontrolled sway, I cannot help giving you my entire approval of the course you have taken and the manner in which you have handled the subject.

The Catholic Church in this country is not so intolerant, because it cannot be under our system of government; but would be, and I sometimes fear, hopes to be, as blindly intolerant, haughty and tyrannical as it is, and has been in the countries it has ruled.

This Church has held back the world's progress and civilization for at least a century. Its chief object and purpose is, and has been to hold the masses in ignorance and superstition; because when reason and enlightenment hold sway its power diminishes.

The over-throw of the Church in France is the most hopeful and progressive event of the day, and I hope your editorials on this subject will be translated and read in that country, that liberty loving people may know they have, at least, one champion in the United States.

There are many public men in the United States who would like to say what you have said; but they are too cowardly to do so. The Catholic vote is sought, pandered to, by the politicians and leaders of the political parties, and therefore all the vile abuse and treasonable utterances against France go unnoticed by them.

Your discussion of this question is still another proof that you are the leader and champion of the right, a profound exponent of progressive thought in the United States. I have no feeling against the Catholic Church as a Church, but when it seeks

to be Church, State and all, then it is time to call a halt.

Your editorials on this subject will meet the sincerest approval of thousands of men and women, but many of whom will hardly express such approval, especially if such approval should necessarily come to the light.

I hope you and your Magazine are prospering and receiving the encouragement and patronage so justly deserved.

Yours truly,
A. H. LIVINGSTON.

CHALYBEATE SPRINGS, GA.,
June 20th, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—I have been a regular reader of your valuable Magazine from the very first issue, and I appreciate it a great deal; especially your editorials. I unhesitatingly consider it a great and correct educator in political economy. I would that we all could be sufficiently free from party prejudice to impartially study its teachings. We surely need to be open to conviction and ever ready to investigate, in order to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." We cannot come in possession of a correct and intelligent conviction relatively to the various political issues which confront us unless we can impartially consider the actual facts in the case, irrespective of any political creed whatever. The same is true in religion; hence the above command to prove all things. I am sincere when I say that if we all could do this, I believe that you, together with your attitude toward, and labors for our civil liberty, would be much better understood and appreciated than at present. Such a condition would indeed be an ideal one, and would be such as would greatly lessen the amount of labor, hardships, and persecution incident to one in your line of work. Yet such is not the case, and as we have to deal with the various problems of life in their *real* condition rather than the ideal, therefore it behooves us to determine as nearly and as clearly as possible just what *is* the real condition of such problems, and of our *real* attitude toward them, in order to obtain a correct and economical solution of them.

Analyzing the present political situation according to the above common-sense principles, we find that a man like you, and engaged in your line of work is confronted by a lot of "stiff-necked and rebellious people" posing as free citizens and voters, in the first place, and in the second and worst place, there are lots of base political knaves who take continual and supreme delight in pandering to the party prejudices of the above class of voters. This is certainly one of the chiefest hindrances to the faithful and patient work of the true patriot and statesman. I am not well able to express my contempt for such base, selfish, and beastly ambitious characters as these. But truly there *is* such a thing as real statesmanship and unselfish patriotism; and it is certainly and equally true that there *is also* a difference between the true statesman and the base, conniving politician. The true statesman does know there is a difference, and seeks to educate the people along the lines of discernment of this difference; but not so with the latter class. They seek to obliterate all lines of difference between themselves and their superiors, and then clamor for what merit they can for themselves, and insist upon what demerit they can for their own worthy opponents. The ruthless manner in which they betray every trust committed to them while in office shows most conclusively that they consider political position to mean no more than an opportunity to gratify their insatiable greed for graft and gain, regardless of who it may be extorted from.

And yet it is the burden of their

lives and labors to try to cause the people to believe that they are their real friends, and are, themselves, the true statesman in whom the people should confide; and that the real men of worth are responsible for all the trouble and oppression which actually grows out of their own treachery. Oh, how artfully they can show up the miserable deformities (?) of the true reformer and statesman when they have access to the veil of party prejudice! What studied effort and cunningly devised means do they make and employ to discover *themselves* in the tracks of nobility, while the true man of worth is sought by them to be found in their own tracks of waywardness! Hence "they will not enter themselves, and hinder those who would enter." They have no honor themselves and they seek to besmear those who do have. If the voters could be educated up to the point of impartial discrimination of "trees" according to the *"fruit it bears"*, and not according to the "orchard" it is in; then there would be developed a genuine appreciation for true merit, and a corresponding depreciation for demerit.

It is the abominable work of this set of "greedy dogs" that keeps the people so thoroughly confused over, and ignorant of the real merits of the various important political issues of to-day; and all the while are making a great howl over some trifling nonessential, wholly in order to keep the attention of the public drawn off of the more important measures, and their own treasonerous attitude thereto.

In their public services, the time and attention of this "set" is so heavily drawn upon by plotting, planning and prosecuting their various "sandbagging" schemes against some monied concern, until they have no time, wits, or energies left to apply to the solution of the real problems of political economy which demand such urgent attention from them. They pose as the representatives of the civil liberties of their people at home, who are honestly trusting them to faithfully perform the various duties incumbent upon them.

I appreciate the clear and forceful manner in which you deal with such men and measures, and in reading your able editorials along these lines it has repeatedly occurred to me to write to you and suggest that you write an editorial for your papers on the *real difference* between the "man and methods" of the true statesman as contrasted with that of the modern political humbug, who wantonly "sells himself to do evil continually." Using physiological terms, give us the "anatomy" of the one, then that of the other. This difference in the make-up of these two *very different* characters, sharply drawn should greatly help us to more fuly appreciate the gift of the former, as well as to despise, dread, and shun the cursed and blighting influence of the latter. We will risk the vividness of your imagination, the depth of your conviction, breadth of your observation, length of your experience, and height of your intellect, together with your all-round resourcefulness to fully enable you to do justice to this subject. In chapter two, give us the "physiology" of the twain in sharp contrast. This also will help us to better judge the real character of a "tree by the fruit it bears." And, too, finite mortals like we, know but little in "this world of sunshine and shadows" except by contrast and comparison. At the close of your editorial you might, with propriety, postscript it with chapter three, containing a few "hygenic" suggestions which should be of value to the "patients in charge," especially to the latter class, who sometimes are wont to show themselves to be a little reckless and venturesome, as was discovered in the recent Georgia gubernatorial "land-

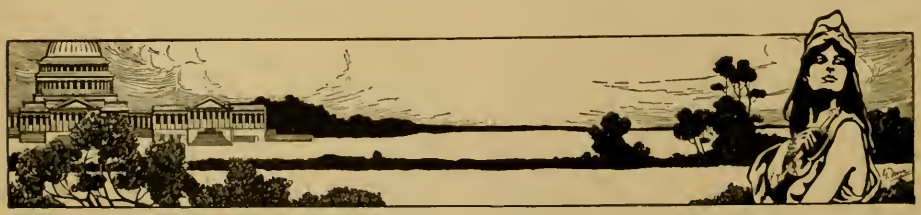
slide." The timely observance of a little political "hygiene," might save some of these individuals from an aggravated case of the "black-eyes," with, possibly, other complications incident to being so completely "snowed under." In fact there is a liability of them "catching their death of cold" by such an utter disregard for the requirements of just common political "hygiene." In this matter it is also true that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; yet if such political laws *will not be observed* and an aggravated complication of political *diseases* be contracted, then it becomes expedient to provide and administer a political *remedy,* which, however, may be a little "caustic," or a "bitter pill," yet the necessity of the case requires that it be faithfully applied. In closing up your remarks on the above subject, it might be seasonable for you to enumerate some of the most common "political ills" to which the ordinary cheap politicians are subject, together with their several, and various *causes, symptoms,* and *treatment.* The above subject treated with the Watsonian Pen, and neatly bound, ought to make a real good "handbook" for the future political aspirant.

Get Mr. Gordon Nye to supply you with some of his illustrative art in dealing with the various phases of this subject. I can almost see him now looking into the "anatomy" or make-up of these two very different classes of beings, and extracting therefrom a cartoon that would be helpful indeed in driving correct conviction home to the anxious student of political economy. Then I see him look into their widely different workings, and deduce therefrom a striking illustration of the glory of the one and of the inglory of the other in sharp contrast. But last and best, one peep into the "hygienic" feature of this subject would be sufficient to enable him to bring out in bold reliefed cartoon such warnings. admonitions, and threatenings as would alike be of much value to both true and false leaders.

Trusting you may feel a willingness to contribute what you can along the above lines to help us to more clearly discern the great and real difference between the above two characters, that we may properly *regard* the one and as properly *disregard* the other, and that the unseen, all-wise, and good hand of a providential God may guide your heart, head, and hand in *this* and *all* your labors, I beg to remain,

Your sincere and hearty admirer,

MORGAN BROWN.



SAY OF OTHER EDITORS.

A Plea For Literary Patriotism In the South.

The day long hoped for when the South should have magazines of its own, comparing favorably with the best Northern and Eastern publications, has at last arrived. It remains to be seen now whether the South has sufficient patriotism to support the three excellent Southern magazines, edited by Southern men and published in the South. There are no better literary productions in the country than *Uncle Remus's Magazine* and Tom Watson's JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, Atlanta, Ga., and the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine,* Nashville, Tenn. Published in the heart of the South, edited from the hearts of Southern men, they deserve and should receive the hearty and enthusiastic support of all Southern people.

We do not argue that the South should draw the line on Eastern magazines, but we do say that if we can only take one or two magazines they should be our Southern publications. Why not? Heretofore when a Southern author made a hit with a book or as a magazine writer he was forthwith gobbled up by some Northern or Eastern publishing house. We send millions of dollars out of the South every year for books and magazines. Even our school books, hymn books, bibles and everything we read except our newspapers have come from the North or East. Every attempt to publish the school text books our own children use in the schools has met with rank failure because of a lack of ordinary patriotism, and, if we must say it, a considerable lack of common sense, too. How can we expect our country to occupy the place its position and talent deserve when every piece of literature we place in our children's hands, every book we read, comes from a section largely out of sympathy with us and our institutions? Even now a Southern author must go North or East to get his book published, in order to receive recognition of Southern papers, and the patronage of the Southern public! It is a shame, and our lack of common pride and love for our own country and indifference to its interests, are responsible for it.

We have seen in but one daily that reaches us, the Montgomery *Advertiser,* any editorial mention of the appearance of *Uncle Remus's Magazine,* and he is the same Uncle Remus that the East took from us, returned to his own again, and his magazine contains the same matter that Northern publications would jump at the chance of paying many thousands of dollars for, and which they would then sell to us in the South by the hundreds of thousands. And yet, just because it is published in the South, our people seem more or less indifferent to it.

Hearst offered Tom Watson $10,000 a year for a few hours work each day in New York, but Watson, loving his own country and people, preferred to struggle for recognition here at home. He is publishing a great magazine that is probably not paying its expenses yet, when he could be drawing a princely salary by going East. You may not agree with all he says, but you cannot but be delighted with the way he says it, and the keen humor and satire be mixes with it.

The country papers give half col-

umns to dreary, stereotyped ready-made praises of Eastern magazines in return for a dollar-a-year publication which exploits the resources, industries, literature and men of another section and frequently slanders the South,—and these same papers never have a word to say about our own splendid Southern magazines, *Uncle Remus's,* Tom Watson's and the *Taylor-Trotwood.*

These things ought not to be.—Cullman *Tribune.*

An Honest Opinion.

This sheet is neither Democratic, Republican or Populist. We try to keep as far away from politics as we do from smallpox. We don't know which of the three is the worst. Personally, we had rather see Tom Watson, of Georgia, occupy the presidential chair than any fellow we know of. We have friends in all parties, and we would not say or do anything to offend either class. We believe in "peace on earth, good will toward men."—*The Hornet,* Severville, Tenn.

The R. F. D.

We are reminded of Hon. Thomas E. Watson as we pass along the public highways and see mail boxes in front of every man's door. The rural free delivery measure he put through while in Congress; they stand to his memory. He made the poor man's fight. This is why he is not in the U. S. Senate to-day.—*Exchange.*

Watermelons.

No wonder the Adams Express Co., with Senator Platt at its head, is opposed to a parcels post. Besides paying ten per cent. dividends on $12,000,000 worth of bonds, heretofore issued gratis to its stockholders, it cut another juicy watermelon a few weeks ago that lets in light on its phenomenal earnings. It issued $24,000,000 more bonds, or two hundred per cent. on its capital stock, and these are handed around to its fortunate stockholders who are now drawing divdends at ten per cent. on $36,000,000. When the people have the privilege of sending packages by mail at fair rates, it will act like an operation for blood-letting on this bloated monopoly, which won't have near so much pie to distribute at its annual roundups. But a parcels post bill will never get through Congress until a few superannuated statesmen are retired from the Senate and their places given to friends of the people. —The American *Farmer.*

Populism in Control.

The Hon. Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, historian, radical editor and populist politician, takes a front place frequently in the current news of Georgia chiefly because among his other qualifications he has brains, has just said something that is attracting attention. Replying to some remarks of Bishop Candler, Mr. Watson observes: "Populism has your Democratic party in the hollow of its hand; it elected your governor and will control the next Democratic National Convention." The only answer the Macon *Telegraph* can make to this declaration is: "Oh, mommer," and it occurs to us that that answer is about the best any of us can make.

Mr. Watson is discriminating enough to say "Populism" and not the "Populist party." The organization, after the rise of the Nebraska fusionist, finding that its principles and policies had been absorbed by the new democracy, went out of business, but it is worth nothing that its former leaders in co-operating with Mr. Bryan persist in asserting that the party still lives and has its being under another and more potential name.

Whether Mr. Watson's prediction as to 1908 will be verified or not will be known long before the convention of 1908. In fact the total helplessness of the Democratic leaders to provide a candidate of the people's choosing is a painful reminder that Mr. Watson is speaking not altogether without authority. And that brings us squarely back to the Macon *Telegraph's* hopeless ejaculation: "Oh, mommer," which, being interpreted, means the resignation of good-humored despair. Between Populism and Republicanism there is nothing left for choice to the old-line Democrat.—Chattanooga *Times.*

In Memory of Senator Morgan.

The Legislature will doubtless appropriate $15,000 with which to set up in Statuary Hall in the federal capitol a statue of John Tyler Morgan. Each State is permitted to place there two statues, and Alabama has already set there a statue in memory of Jabez L. M. Curry.

After a noble service in the Senate, exceeding thirty years, the Legislature could not do less than to fill the remaining pedestal with a statue that will keep fresh in the mind of all visitors at the capitol Alabama's Senator for a generation. Especially should this be done as we approach the opening of the Panama canal, for it was he who beyond any other man led the people up to that great work. The present Legislature has passed many historic bills, and it is fitting and proper that it should pay a permanent tribute to Senator Morgan. The proposed work is to be committed to a commission consisting of the governor, Congressman G. W. Taylor and W. R. Richardson, and Miss Mary Morgan.—*The Age-Herald.*

Safe and Sane.

The Washington *Post* condenses Mr. Bryan's definition of a Democrat as follows: "A Democrat is one who voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 or 1900." This includes the editor of the *Sentinel,* but it also includes a number of people who are not now, and never were Democrats and who do not believe in Democratic principles. Mr. Bryan, himself, after making a great fight in the St. Louis convention against the principles which he afterwards supported when he supported Judge Parker for president in 1904, made us, to some extent lose confidence in Mr. Bryan as a safe and sane Democrat. A man should not endorse men and principles in which he does not believe—even for policy—it looks to us like Mr. Bryan did this and to some extent the people's confidence are shaken in him.—*The Weekly Sentinel.*

"What is a Democrat?"

Some one turned to Mr. Sanders with the question, "what do you think constitutes a Democrat?" He rubbed his fat chin in a quizzical way. "Well," he said, after a pause, "git somebody to look at Teddy's teeth, an' feel Tom Watson's pulse, an' take my tempiture by runnin' a gyarden hose in my mouth, an' you'll know what makes a Democrat. Ef you don't thar's no use in pesterin' about it; as our little home editor said, when Jake Ellinger's fancy dry goods store burnt up, 'we'll refrain from gwine into the horrible details.' Show me an honest man an' I'll not bother about his party politics. The only way you can skeer the politicians is to get an honest man arfter 'em, an' the only way you can stir 'em up is to get the honest man to speakin' his mind. He can hurt more feelin's than there is leaves in Vallambrosia. That's the reason that thar's so few honest men in politics; they find that it don't pay. They set on a stump an' watch the graft waggin' go by an' see that thar's no seat for them,

an' they see, too, that tears is useless. When that's the case, they say good-bye to politics an' stick to the'r own business.—Joel Chandler Harris in *Uncle Remus's Magazine.*

The Country Does Not Want Humble Labor.

The good Archbishop of Manila has issued to the people an address, admirable in the main. He says: "I want the people to be employed, to possess modest farms and to have money in the bank. The Filipinos have been ready to die for their country. They should now live for her, develop her resources, and make her the garden of the world."

All this is exeellent, but the good Archbishop says also:

"The need of the day is honest, patient, humble labor."

With that we do not agree at all. The world has seen enough of humble labor. This is a republic; its rule extends to the Philippine Islands, and men there should be encouraged to feel as they do here.

There is no reason why labor should be any more "humble" than the capital that employs it. As a matter of fact, the employing capital needs advice about humility far more than labor.

Labor should be independent, self-respecting. It should consider and respect the rights of others, and demand respect for its own rights.

The workingman who gives a day of labor should consider himself just exactly the same in the nation as the other man in the nation who pays him for the day of labor.

His work should be honest. It should also be patient, but the patience should not extend to the enduring of injustice.

For a good many thousand years human beings have had preached to them their duty to be humble. The poor serfs were humble, when all that they earned was taken from them. The miserable slaves were humble; the moujiks in Russia with the knout over their backs are humble.

This country was established chiefly to make it possible for men to live free from this shameful humility.

America and the rest of the world need vigorous workers, independent workers, honest workers, self-respecting workers.

But there is no reason for the worker to be any more humble than the man he works for.

If he earns what he gets, the score is even. If he earns more than he gets, the humility should be on the side of the man who takes more than he gives.

Independence, manliness, self-assertion, these are the qualities for the worker. The day for humility and eringing has gone by.

Workingmen want their reward now, and here. They want decent pay, decent rest and decent education. And they are going to have those things.

They have heard enough about humbleness.—New York *Journal.*

Weakness of Southerners.

To The Editor of the Examiner:

Victor Rosewater visited the Jamestown Exposition and later published his impressions. His comments upon the unpreparedness of the fair were quite charitable, which cannot be said of the expressed opinions of other Nebraskans who were attracted chiefly by the assembly of warships of foreign powers. His strictures were all reserved for railroad officials and agents because of their failure to provide adequate accommodations for their patrons in and out of the exposition, and because of the incivility of the trainmen. Men who have traveled in the South and have witnessed the incompetency of railroad men of

Southern breeding will not be surprised at the report of existing conditions brought by Mr. Rosewater. The wonder is that they can do any business at all, for they have and exhibit the utmost contempt for the wishes and comfort and convenience of the patrons of the roads. In order to get business the officials will promise everything, but rarely ever make any effort to redeem such promises. They act upon the presumption that the public must patronize their roads, whether the service proves satisfactory or not, and hence the chief desire of the officials is to get the patrons' money into the company coffers, without any reference to future business. They know, however, that all Southern roads are managed alike, and that one is no worse than another.

People of the West, so long accustomed to competent railroad officials and trainmen, would refuse to patronize any road managed as the average Southern road is conducted. The trouble is in the inherent weakness of the Southern race of men, who have been taught to feel that anything that smacks of personal service to others puts the servitor down upon the social plane of the black man, and this absurd notion renders a white Southerner utterly unfit for the necessary work of the trainmen or for any other necessary work for the benefit or welfare of others. Go into any store in the South and ask to buy something of the merchant or of one of his clerks and you will be met by a man with a chip on his shoulder, who will by word or manner make you feel that he has condescended to wait upon you, and if you fail by acts or words of difference to concede his social superiority, you will be treated curtly because of your lack of appreciation of the courtesy a patron owes to a merchant.

Those who have studied the characteristics of the white man of the South think they know why he has failed as a business man and as the promoter of large enterprises, and by this token the wise man infers that it is not in the men of Virginia to produce an exposition that is worth seeing.—A Traveler.—Omaha *Examiner*.

A Unique Publication.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE for April is a splendid publication. The articles in it, and his *Weekly Jeffersonian* on finance, ought to move the people to action to put a stop to the governmental partnership with Wall Street pirates.—Carl's *Cartoon Cactus*, Calistoga, Cal. (The most unique magazine in the world. T. E. W.)

Say of Other Editors—Telling the News.

Under the above caption an unknown writer has given utterance to some very pungent truths which every newspaper man will duly appreciate. No one is in a better position to appreciate the full force of the Biblical injunction to be charitable than is the newspaper man, and no man comes more directly in contact with the cold, clammy, unsentimental feeling of the world than does he. This particular writer says kindness, love and consideration are three compelling virtues. If they were employed more people would be happier and contented while passing through this gladsome and satisfactory old world. More flowers for the present and fewer promises for the future will bring happiness and smiling faces, and put to flight the cares and sorrows that infest the days. Charity towards others in speech and action will bless as nothing can.

A kind word to one in distress often relieves the mind and the victim immediately emerges from under a

cloud, smiling and bright as a sunbeam. How much better to produce this effect than to intensify a grief by a haughty disregard of the proprieties, deliberately doing that which you know is wrong.

The following from the Birmingham *Ledger* makes the point clear: "A church at Owensboro, Ky., passed resolutions censuring the newspapers of that town because they did not publish the fact that a well-known citizen died of delirium tremens."

It is a little unusual for censuring papers for not telling all they know.

This Kentucky case is particularly interesting because a Christian church censured the newspapers for doing a charitable and kindly act towards a citizen. The man was a drunkard and died of whisky. The newspapers told of the death and said nothing of the whisky. That was kindness.

Yet a Christian church actually passed an unchristian resolution censuring the papers because they refused to wound unnecessarily, women and kindred of the drunkard.

Papers do that kind of charity every day. They protect thousands of homes, thousands of people. Generally, the people protected never know it. As in the Owensboro case, the papers leave out many of the unpleasant things that need not be told. They do not willingly wound a wife or sister, daughter or mother. The Bible is full of injunctions to throw the mantle of charity over the faults of those who err, and particularly does it emphasize the importance of being kind and charitable towards the widows and the fatherless. What kind of religion is it that would force the press to expose to the public the painful facts that carry a poisoned arrow and a deadly pang in every word? Certainly it does not emanate from the lowly Nazarine.—Clifton, Tenn., *Mirror*.

Appealing to Jackson.

The plutocratic papers are appealing to the deeds of Andrew Jackson as an example of what ought to have been done in North Carolina. The New York *Times* says:

"When Andrew Jackson was president and South Carolina threatened nullification of a federal law, the administration's procedure was swift, stern and effective."

But North Carolina is not trying to nullify any federal law—the shoe is on the other foot. The federal judges are trying to nullify a State law. If the *Times* wants an example of how Andrew Jackson acted when the federal court tried to nullify a State law, let it turn to the history of the Cherokee Indian case. When the United States supreme court declared that the Cherokee laws of Georgia were void in that they contravened federal treaties, and that two missionaries convicted under them should be released, Georgia refused to obey and President Jackson declined to interfere. "John Marshall has made his decision," said Jackson, "now let him enforce it."

The enforcing of his decision was what caused Judge Pritchard to back down. The people of North Carolina were following the Jacksonian procedure and the federal judges backed down just as they did in Jackson's time. Jackson is not a good example for the plutocratic judges or their supporters to appeal to.—The Omaha *Investigator*.